

ILLUSTRATIONS OF  
ENGLISH LITERATURE

The Carmelite Classics

ILLUSTRATIONS OF  
ENGLISH LITERATURE  
FROM WYATT TO WEBSTER

EDITED BY

C. L. THOMSON

EXAMINER IN ENGLISH FOR THE ADVANCED SCHOLARSHIPS OF  
THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, FORMERLY EXAMINER IN  
LITERATURE TO THE CENTRAL WELSH BOARD

LONDON  
HORACE MARSHALL & SON  
TEMPLE HOUSE AND 125 FLEET STREET, E.C.

## PREFACE

THIS series of handbooks is intended to supply a want which has often been felt by teachers of English literature. Many excellent, but somewhat expensive, series of books containing extracts from English literature, selected according to the periods of its development, are already in existence ; but, so far as is known, no cheap set of manuals fulfilling exactly the same function has hitherto been obtainable. In the present series an attempt is made to provide at a very low cost a representative selection from the works of all the greater contributors to our national literature, which may be used as a companion to whatever text-book of the history of literature is being studied. As the books will probably be used by the senior classes in secondary schools the extracts have been chosen with a view to interest pupils of from fourteen to eighteen years of age ; and in order to avoid as far as possible the " scrappiness " which is almost

unavoidably characteristic of such collections, an attempt has been made to select either complete poems or essays, or else such passages as may be easily separated from their context and detached from it without excessive depreciation of their literary value.

With regard to the spelling of the selections in the present volume, it has been thought best to preserve the original spelling in the case of Spenser and authors anterior to him. With the exception of some typical lyrics, no extracts from Shakespeare's plays have been given, as his works are so easy to obtain, and such extracts would have occupied space which is more usefully devoted to less accessible authors.

C. L. T.

## CONTENTS

	<small>PAGE</small>
<b>SIR THOMAS WYATT, 1503-1542 . . . . .</b>	<b>1</b>
The Lover for Shamefastness Hideth his Desire within his Faithful Hart . . . . .	1
The Lover Forsaketh his Unkynde Love . . . . .	2
The Lover Complaineth the Unkindness of his Love Of his Returne from Spaine . . . . .	2
Of the Meane and Sure Estate—From <i>Sature I</i> Wyatt, Being in Prison, to Brian . . . . .	4
<b>NICHOLAS UDALL, 1505-1556 . . . . .</b>	<b>7</b>
Ralph Roister Doister Listens to the Talk of Dame Christian Custance's Women — From <i>Ralph Roister Doister</i> . . . . .	7
<b>JOHN FOXE, 1516-1587 . . . . .</b>	<b>16</b>
The Story of Rowland Taylour—From <i>The History of the Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs</i> . . . . .	16
<b>HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, 1517-1547 . . . . .</b>	<b>20</b>
Description of Spring . . . . .	20
Description and Praise of his Love Geialdine . . . . .	21
The Last Words of Dido—From the <i>Translation of the Aeneid</i> . Book IV . . . . .	21
<b>RAPHAEL HOLINSHED, Died c 1580 . . . . .</b>	<b>24</b>
The Three Witches—From <i>The Chronicle of Scotland</i> . . . . .	24
<b>SIR THOMAS NORTH, 1535-1601 . . . . .</b>	<b>27</b>
The Murder of Cesar—From North's <i>Translation of Plutarch's Lives</i> . . . . .	27
<b>THOMAS SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET, 1536-1608 . . . . .</b>	<b>32</b>
Sorrow conducts the Poet to the Underworld—From the Induction to <i>A Mour for Magistrates</i> . . . . .	32
Marcella's Lament for Porrex—From <i>The Tragedie of Corboduc</i> . . . . .	34

	PAGE
<b>EDMUND SPENSER, 1552-1599 . . . . .</b>	<b>36</b>
June—The Sixth Eclogue of <i>The Shepheard's Calendar</i> . . . . .	37
Una and the Red Cross Knight—From <i>The Faerie Queene</i> . Book I, Canto i. . . . .	42
Belphebe and Braggadochio—From <i>The Faerie Queene</i> . Book II, Canto iii. . . . .	47
Spenser in England—From <i>Colin Clout's Come Home Again</i> . . . . .	54
Prothalamion . . . . .	56
<b>SIR WALTER RALEIGH, 1552-1618 . . . . .</b>	<b>62</b>
The Value of History—From the Preface to <i>The History of the World</i> . . . . .	63
The Embassy of Fabius—From <i>The History of the World</i> . . . . .	64
A Vision upon this Conceit of the Faerie Queene . . . . .	65
His Pilgrimage . . . . .	66
The Night before his Death . . . . .	67
<b>RICHARD HAKLUYT, 1552 (?)-1616 . . . . .</b>	<b>68</b>
A Preface to the Reader as Touching the Principal Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries of the English Nation . . . . .	68
<b>RICHARD HOOKER, 1553-1600 . . . . .</b>	<b>74</b>
Of Music with Psalms—From <i>The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity</i> . Book V . . . . .	74
<b>JOHN LYLV, 1554 (?)-1606 . . . . .</b>	<b>78</b>
An Old Man's Counsel—From <i>Euphues</i> . . . . .	78
<b>SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, 1554-1586 . . . . .</b>	<b>82</b>
A Dirge . . . . .	82
"Leave me, O Love" . . . . .	83
Sonnets—From <i>Astrophel and Stella</i> . . . . .	84
The Poet as Prophet and Creator—From <i>An Apology for Poetry</i> . . . . .	86
<b>THOMAS LODGE, 1558 (?)-1625 . . . . .</b>	<b>91</b>
The Wrestling—From <i>Rosalynde</i> . . . . .	91
Rosalynde's Madrigal—From <i>Rosalynne</i> . . . . .	97

## CONTENTS

ix

	PAGE
GEORGE CHAPMAN, 1559 (?)-1634 . . . . .	99
Odysseus reaches Phaeacia—From Chapman's <i>Trans- lation of the Odyssey</i> . . . . .	99
SIR FRANCIS BACON, 1561-1626 . . . . .	103
Of Studies—From the <i>Essays</i> . . . . .	104
The Continuance of Learning—From <i>The Advance- ment of Learning</i> Book I . . . . .	106
Self Culture—From <i>The Advancement of Learning</i> Book II . . . . .	107
A Messenger from Ben Salem—From <i>The New     Atlantis</i> . . . . .	110
SAMUEL DANIEL, 1562-1619 . . . . .	113
To the Lady Margaret, Countess of Cumberland . . . . .	113
Sonnets—From <i>Delia</i> . . . . .	115
MICHAEL DRAYTON, 1563 (?)-1631 . . . . .	117
Arden—From <i>Polyolbion</i> . Song XIII . . . . .	118
A Ballad of Agincourt . . . . .	122
"Since there's no Help" . . . . .	125
A Summer Day—From <i>The Sixth Nymphal</i> . . . . .	126
CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, 1564-1593 . . . . .	127
The Death of Faustus—From <i>The Tragical History     of Doctor Faustus</i> . Act V, scene iv . . . . .	127
The Passionate Shepherd to his Love . . . . .	130
The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd . . . . .	131
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616 . . . . .	132
Hare Coursing—From <i>Venus and Adonis</i> . . . . .	132
Sonnets . . . . .	134
Ariel's Songs—From <i>The Tempest</i> . . . . .	137
Song—From <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> . . . . .	138
Fairies' Song—From <i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i> .	139
Songs—From <i>Twelfth Night</i> . . . . .	140
Songs—From <i>As You Like It</i> . . . . .	141
Songs—From <i>Cymbeline</i> . . . . .	142

	PAGE
FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1584-1616) and JOHN FLETCHER (1579-1625) . . . . .	144
Bellario and Philaster—From <i>Philaster</i> Act III, scene i. . . . .	145
Bellario describes her Love for Philaster—From <i>Philaster</i> Act V, scene v . . . . .	147
Aspatia's Song—From <i>The Maid's Tragedy</i> . . . . .	149
Song—From <i>The Masque of the Temple</i> . . . . .	149
On the Tombs, in Westminster Abbey . . . . .	149
Song—From <i>Valentimina</i> . . . . .	150
THOMAS CAMPION Died 1619 . . . . .	151
The Upright Man . . . . .	151
" When Thou Must Home " . . . . .	152
Cherry Ripe . . . . .	152
" Kind Aie Her Answers " . . . . .	153
Corinna's Lute . . . . .	154
A Prayer . . . . .	154
BEN JONSON, 1573-1635 . . . . .	155
Captain Bobadill—From <i>Every Man in His Humour</i> Act IV, scene v . . . . .	156
To the Memory of My Beloved Master, William Shakespeare . . . . .	161
On My First Son . . . . .	163
To Celia . . . . .	163
Hymn to Diana . . . . .	164
GILES FLETCHER, 1585 (?) - 1623 . . . . .	165
The Temptation of Christ—From <i>Christ's Triumph on Earth</i> . . . . .	165
JOHN WEBSTER . . . . .	170
The Death of the Duchess—From <i>The Duchess of Malfi</i> Act IV, scene ii. . . . .	170
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS—	
Spring. <i>T. Nashe</i> . . . . .	177
Bridal Song <i>Shakespeare (?)</i> . . . . .	177
Sweet Content. <i>R. Greene</i> . . . . .	178
My Lady Greensleeves . . . . .	179

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS (*continued*)—

To Queen Elizabeth. <i>Geo. Peele</i> . . . . .	179
Sweet Content <i>T. Dekker</i> . . . . .	180
The Unknown Lady . . . . .	181
A Valediction. <i>J. Donne</i> . . . . .	181
A Dirge <i>J. Webster</i> . . . . .	182
The Happy Lot <i>R. Devereux, Earl of Essex</i>	183
The Character of a Happy Life. <i>Sir H. Wotton</i>	183
My Mind a Kingdom. <i>Sir E. Dyer</i> . . . . .	184
A Royal Guest . . . . .	185
GLOSSARY . . . . .	187

## SIR THOMAS WYATT

1503-1542

SIR THOMAS WYATT was born at Alington Castle in Kent, and was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1520 he married a daughter of Lord Cobham, and seems to have spent the next few years at Court. In 1527 he accompanied the Ambassador, Sir John Russell, to Italy, and on his return began to compose sonnets in the Italian manner. In 1537 he went on another embassy, this time to Spain, from which he returned in 1540. On the death of Thomas Cromwell, who had always stood his friend, he fell into disgrace, and after a short imprisonment retired to his estate. He died in 1542, on his way to meet the ambassador of Charles V.

### THE LOVER FOR SHAMEFASTNESS HIDETH HIS DESIRE WITHIN HIS FAITHFUL HART

The long love, that in my thought I harber,  
And in my hart doth kepe his residence,  
Into my face preaseth with bold pretence,  
And there campeth, displaying his banner ;  
She that me learnes to love, and to suffer,  
And willes that my trust, and luste's negligence  
Be reined by reason, shame and reverence,  
With his hardinesse takes displeasure

Wherewith love to the hertes forest he fleeth,  
 Leaving his enterprise with pain and crye,  
 And there him hideth and not appareth.  
 What may I do? when my maister feareth,  
 But in the field with him to live and dye?  
 For good is the life, endyng faithfully.

THE LOVER FORSAKETH HIS  
 UNKYNDE LOVE

My hart I gave thee, not to doe it pain,  
 But to preserve, lo, it to thee was taken,  
 I served thee, not that I should be forsaken,  
 But that I should receive reward againe.  
 I was content, thy servant to remaine;  
 And not to be repayed on this fashion.  
 Now since in thee is there none other reason,  
 Displease thee not, if that I do refrain.  
 Unsaciat of my wo and thy desire;  
 Assured by craft for to excuse thy fault  
 But sins it pleaseth thee to fain default,  
 Farewell, I say, departing from the fire  
 For he that doth beleve, bearing in hand,  
 Ploweth in the water, and soweth in the sand.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH THE UN-  
 KINDNESS OF HIS LOVE

My lute, awake, perform the last  
 Labour, that thou and I shall wast:  
 And end that I have now begonne,  
 And when this song is song and past,  
 My lute, be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where eare is none,  
As leade to grave in marble stone ;  
My song may pearse her hart as sone.  
Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone ?  
No, no, my lute, for I have done.

The rockes do not so cruelly,  
Repulse the waves continually,  
As she my sute and affection .  
So that I am past remedy,  
Wherby my lute and I have done.

Proude of the spoile that thou hast gotte  
Of simple hartes, thorough loves shot ;  
By whom, unkinde, thou hast them wonne,  
Thinke not he hath his bow forgot  
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdaine,  
That makest but game of earnest payne ;  
Think not alone under the sunne  
Unquit to cause thy lovers plaine ;  
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie, withered and olde,  
In winter nights that are so colde,  
Playning in vaine unto the mone ;  
Thy wishes then dare not be tolde .  
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chaunce thee to repent  
The time that thou hast lost and spent,  
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoone ;  
Then shalt thou know beautie but lent,  
And wish and want, as I have done.

Now cease, my lute, this is the last  
 Labour, that thou and I shall wast,  
 And ended is that we begonne  
 Now is this song both song and past ;  
 My lute, be still, for I have done.

### OF HIS RETURNE FROM SPAINE

Tagus, farewell, that westward with thy stremes,  
 Turnes up the graines of gold already tried ,  
 For I with spurres and saile go seeke the Temmes,  
 Gainward the Sunne that sheweth her welthy  
 pride ,  
 And to the town that Brutus sought by dreames,  
 Like bended mone that leanes her lusty side  
 My King, my country I seke for whom I live,  
 O mighty Jove, the windes for this me give.

### OF THE MEANE AND SURE ESTATE, WRITTEN TO JOHN POINS

*From "SATIRE I"*

My mother's maides when they do sowe and  
 spinne,  
 They sing a song made of the feldish mouse :  
 That for because her livclod was but thinne,  
 Would nedes go se her townish sister's house.  
 She thought her self endurde to grevous paine,  
 The stormy blastes her cave so sore did sowse ;  
 That when the furrowes swimmèd with the raine,  
 She must lye colde, and wet in sory plight ;  
 And worse then that, bare meate there did re-  
 maine,  
 To comfort her, when she her house had dight.  
 Some time a barley corne, sometime a beane,

For which she laboured hard both day and night,  
In harvest time, while she might go and glean.  
And when her store was stroyed with the floode,  
Then, welawey ! for she undone was clene .  
Then was she faine to take, instede of foode,  
Slepe, if she might, her honger to begile.  
My sister, quod she, hath a living good  
And hence from me she dwelleth not a mile ;  
In colde and storme, she lyeth warme and drye  
In bed of downe ; the durt doth not defile  
Her tender fote, she labours not as I.  
Richly she fedes, and at the riche mans cost,  
And for her meate she nedes not crave nor cry ;  
By sea, by land, of delicates the most  
Her cater sekes, and spareth for no perell ;  
She fedes on boyle meate, bake meate and on rost,  
And hath therefore no whit of charge nor travell.  
And when she list, the licour of the grape  
Doth glad her hart, till that her belly swell.  
And at this journey makes she but a jape  
So forth she goes, trusting of all thys wealth,  
With her sister her part so for to shape,  
That if she might there kepe herself in health,  
To live a lady while her life doth last.  
And to the dore now is she come by stealth,  
And with her foot anone she scrapes full fast.  
Th' other for feare durst not wel scarse appear ;  
Of every noyse so was the wretch agast.  
At last, she asked softly who was there,  
And in her language as well as she could,  
Pepe (quod the other) sister, I am here.  
Peace (quod the town mouse) why speakest thou so  
loude ?  
And by the hand she toke her faire and well.  
Welcome, quod she, my sister by the rode ;  
She feasted her, that joye it was to tell,  
The fare they had, they drank the wyne so clere.

And as to purpose now and then it fell,  
 She chered her with, how, sister what chere ?  
 Amid this joye befell a sory chance,  
 That, welaway, the stranger boght ful dere  
 The fare she had ; for as she lookt askance,  
 Under a stole she spied two steming eyes  
 In a rounde head with sharpe eares in Fiance  
 Was never mouse so feard, for the unwise  
 Had not ysene such a beast before.  
 Yet had nature taught her after gise  
 To know her fo, and dread him evermoic.  
 The towne mouse fled, she knew whither to go,  
 The other had no shift, but wonderis sore ;  
 Feard of her life, at home she wisht her tho'.  
 And to the dore, alas ! as she did skippe,  
 The Heaven it would, lo ! and eke her chance was  
 so,  
 At the threshold her sely fote did trippe,  
 And ere she might recover it again,  
 The traytour cat had caught her by the hyppe,  
 And made her there against her wyll remaine,  
 That hath forgot her power, suertie, and rest,  
 For seking welth, wherein she thought to raigne.

. . . . .

## WYATT, BEING IN PRISON, TO BRIAN

Sighes are my foode; my dink are my teares ;  
 Clinking of fetters would such musike crave,  
 Stink and close ayre away my life it weare,  
 Poor Innocence is al the hope I have ;  
 Rain, winde, or wether, judge I by my eares,  
 Malice assautes that righteousness should have.  
 Sure am I, Brian, this wound shall heale againe,  
 But yet, alas ! the skarre shall still remaine.

## NICHOLAS UDALL

1505-1556

NICHOLAS UDALL was headmaster of Eton College for about seven years, from 1534 to 1541. Then, under Queen Mary, he held the position of schoolmaster to the boys in Bishop Gardiner's household, and from 1554 to 1556 he was headmaster of Westminster School. His comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister*, was probably written about 1553, for his pupils to act.

### RALPH ROISTER DOISTER LISTENS TO THE TALK OF DAME CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE'S WOMEN

*From "RALPH ROISTER DOISTER"*

Act I, Scene III

[MAGE MUMBLECRUST, *spinning on the distaffe.*  
TIBET TALKAPACE, *sowyng.* ANNOT ALY-  
FACE, *knittyng* R ROISTER.

*M. Mumb.* If thys distaffe were spoone, Mar-  
gerie Mumblecrust.

*Tib. Talk.* Where good stale ale is will drinke  
no water I trust.

*M. Mumb.* Dame Custance hath promised us  
good ale and white bread.

*Tib. Talk.* If she kepe not promise, I will be-  
shrewe hir head.

But it will be starke nyght before I shall  
have done.

*R. Royster.* I will stande here awhile, and talke  
with them anon,  
I heare them speake of Custance, which  
doth my heart good,  
To heare hir name spoken doth even com-  
fort my blood.

*M. Mumb.* Sit downe to your worke, Tibet, like  
a good girle.

*Tib. Talk.* Nourse, medle you with your spyndle  
and your whire,  
No haste but good, Madge Mumbleciust, for  
whip and whurre,  
The olde proverbe doth say, never made  
good furre.

*M. Mumb.* Well, ye wyll sitte downe to your  
worke anon, I trust.

*Tib. Talk.* Soft fire maketh sweete malte, good  
Madge Mumblecrust.

*M. Mumb.* And sweete malte maketh joly good  
ale for the nones.

*Tib. Talk.* Whiche will slide downe the lane  
without any bones. [Cantet.

Olde browne bread crustes must have much  
good mumbyng,  
But good ale downe your throte hath good  
easie tumbling.

*R. Royster.* The jolyest wenche that ere I hearde,  
little mouse,

May I not rejoice that she shall dwell in  
my house?

*Tib. Talk.* So sirrha, nowe this geare beginneth  
for to frame.

*M. Mumb.* Thanks to God, though your work  
stand still, your tong is not lame.

*RALPH ROISTER DOISTER*

*Tib. Talk.* And though your teeth be gone, both  
so sharpe and so fine,  
Yet your tongue can ~~cutte~~ on patins as well  
as mine.

*M. Mumb.* Ye were not for nought named ~~Fy~~  
Talkeapace.

*Tib. Talk.* Doth my talke grieve you? Alack,  
God save your grace.

*M. Mumb.* I holde a grote ye will drinke anon  
for this geare.

*Tib. Talk.* And I wyll pray you the stripes for  
me to beare.

*M. Mumb.* I holde a penny ye will drink without  
a cup.

*Tib. Talk.* Wherein so ere ye drinke, I wote ye  
drinke all up

*An. Alyface* By Cock, and well sowed, my good  
Tibet Talkeapace.

*Tib. Talk.* And een as well knitte, myn owne  
Annot Alyface.

*R. Royster.* See what a sort she kepeth that must  
be my wife.

Shall not I, when I have hir, leade a  
merric life?

*Tib. Talk.* Welcome my good wenche, and sitte  
here by me just.

*An. Alyface* And howe doth our old beldame  
here, Mage Mumblecrust?

*Tib. Talk.* Chyde, and finde faultes, and threaten  
to complaine.

*An. Alyface.* To make us poore girles shent to hir  
is small gaine.

*M. Mumb.* I dyd neyther chyde, nor complaine,  
nor threaten.

*R. Royster.* It woulde grieve my heart to see one  
of them beaten.

*M. Mumb.* I dyd nothing but byd hir worke  
and holde hir peace.

*Tib. Talk.* So would I, if you coulde your clatter-  
ing ceasse;

But the devil cannot make old trotte holde  
her tong.

*An. Alyface.* Let all these matters passe, and we  
threec sing a song,

So shall we pleasantly bothe the tyme be-  
guile now,

And eke dispatche all our workes ere we  
can tell how.

*Tib. Talk.* I shrew them that say nay, and that  
shall not be I.

*M. Mumb.* And I am well content.

*Tib. Talk.* Sing on then by and by.

*R. Royster.* And I will not away, but listen to  
their song;

Yet Merygreeke and my folkes tary very long.

[*TIB., AN., and MARGERIE doe singe here. Pipe  
mery ANNOT, etc.*

Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

Worke Tibet, worke Annot, worke Margerie.

Sewe Tibet, knitte Annot, spinne Margerie.

Let us see who shall winne the victorie.

*Tib. Talk.* This sleve is not willing to be sewed  
I trowe,

A small thing might make me all in the  
grounde to throwe.

[*Then they sing agayne. Pipe merrie ANNOT, etc.*

Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

What Tibet, what Annot, what Margerie.

Ye sleepe, but we doe not, that shall we trie  
Your fingers be nombde, our worke will not lie.

*Tib. Talk.* If ye doe so againe, well I would advise you nay.

In good sooth, onc stoppe more, and I make holy day.

[*They singe the thirde tyme. Pipe mery ANNOT, etc.*

Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

Nowe Tibbet, nowe Annot, nowe Marjorie.

Nowe whippet apace for the maystrie,  
But it will not be, our mouth is so drie.

*Tib. Talk.* Ah, eche finger is a thombe to-day  
me thinke,

I care not to let all alone, choose it swimme or sinke.

[*They singe the fourth tyme. Pipe mery ANNOT, etc.*

Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.

When Tibet, when Annot, when Margeric.

I will not, I can not, no more can I.

[*Lette hir caste down hir worke.*

Then give we all over, and there let it lye.

*Tib. Talk.* There it lieth, the worste is but a curried cote,

Tut I am used thereto, I care not a grote.

*An. Alyface.* Have we done singyng since?  
then will I in againe,

Here I founde you, and here I leave both twaine. [Exeat.

*M. Mum.* And I will not be long after, Tib Talkeapace.

*Tib. Talk.* What is the matter?

*M. Mumb.* Yond stode a man al this space.

And hath heard all that we ever spake togeyther.

*Tib. Talk.* Mary, the moie louie he for his comming hither.

And the lesse good he can to listen  
maidens' talke.

I care not, and I go byd him hence for to  
walke

It were well done to knowe what he  
maketh here away.

*R. Royster.* Nowe myght I speake to them, if  
I wist what to say.

*M. Mumb.* Nay we will go both off, and see what  
he is.

*R. Royster.* One that hath heard all your talke  
and singyng ywis.

*Tib. Talk.* The more to blame you, a good thrifte  
husbande

Would elsewhere have had some better mat-  
ters in hande.

*R. Royster.* I dyd it for no harme, but for good  
love I beare

To your dame mistresse Custance, I did your  
talke heare.

And mistresse nurse, I will kiss you for  
acquaintance.

*M. Mumb.* I come anon sir.

*Tib. Talk.* Faith, I would our dame Custance  
sawe this geare.

*M. Mumb.* I must first wipe al cleane, yea I  
must.

*Tib. Talk.* Ill chieve it, dotyng foole, but it must  
be cust.

*M. Mumb.* God yelde you sir, chad not so much,  
icholte not whan,

Nere since chwas bore chwine, of such a gay  
gentleman.

*R. Royster.* I will kisse you, too, mayden, for the  
good will I beare you.

*Tib. Talk.* No forsoth, by your leave, ye shall  
not kisse me.

*R. Royster.* Yes, be not afearde, I doe not dis-  
dayne you a whit.

*Tib. Talk.* Why shoulde I feare you? I have  
not so little wit,

Ye are but a man, I knowe very well.

*R. Royster.* Why then?

*Tib. Talk.* Forsooth. I wyll not, I use not to  
kisse men.

*R. Royster.* I would faine kisse you too, good  
maiden, if I myght.

*Tib. Talk.* What shold that neede?

*R. Royster.* But to honor you by this light.

I use to kisse all them that I love, to God  
I vowe.

*Tib. Talk.* Yea sir? I pray you, when dyd ye  
last kisse your cowe?

*R. Royster.* Ye might be proude to kisse me, if  
ye were wise.

*Tib. Talk.* What promotion were therein?

*R. Royster.* Nourse is not so nice

*Tib. Talk.* Well, I have not bene taught to  
kissing and licking.

*R. Royster.* Yet I thanke you, mistresse nourse,  
you made no sticking.

*M. Mumb.* I will not sticke for a kisse with such  
a man as you.

*Tib. Talk.* They that lust · I will againe to my  
sewing now.

*An. Alyface.* Tidings, hough, tidings, dame  
Custance greeteth you well.

*R. Royster.* Whome, me?

*An. Alyface.* You sir? no sir. I do no such  
tale tell.

*R. Royster.* But and she knewe me here.

*An. Alyface.* Tybet Talkeapace,  
Your mistresse Custance and mine, must  
speake with your grace.

*Tib. Talk.* With me?

*An. Alyface.* Ye muste come in to hit out of all doutes.

*Tib. Talk.* And my work not half done? A mischief on all loutes. [E. am.

*R. Royster.* Ah, good sweet nourse.

*M. Mumb.* Ah, good sweete gentleman.

*R. Royster.* What?

*M. Mumb.* Nay, I can not tel, sir, but what thing would you?

*R. Royster.* Howe doth sweete Custance, my heart of gold, tell me how?

*M. Mumb.* She dothe very well, sir, and commaunde me to you

*R. Royster.* To me?

*M. Mumb.* Yea, to you, sir.

*R. Royster.* To me? nourse, tel me plain, To me?

*M. Mumb.* Ye.

*R. Royster.* That word maketh me alive again.

*M. Mumb.* She commaunde me to one, last day, who ere it was.

*R. Royster.* That was een to me, and none other, by the masse.

*M. Mumb.* I can not tell you surely, but one it was

*R. Royster.* It was I, and none other this commeth to good passe.

I promise thee, nourse, I favour hir.

*M. Mumb.* Een so, sir.

*R. Royster.* Bid hir sue to me for mariage.

*M. Mumb.* Een so, sir.

*R. Royster.* And surely for thy sake she shall speede.

*M. Mumb.* Een so, sir.

*R. Royster.* I shall be contented to take hir.

*M. Mumb.* Een so, sir.

*R. Royster.* But at thy request, and for thy sake.

*M. Mumb.* Een so, sir.

*R. Royster.* And come, hearke in thine eare what  
to say.

*M. Mumb.* Een so, sir.

*[Here lette him tell her a great long tale in hir eare.]*

## JOHN FOXE

1516-1587

JOHN FOXE was born at Boston in Lincolnshire in 1516, and took his M.A. degree at Oxford in 1543. On leaving the University he settled for a time at Coventry, but the suspicion of heresy led him into trouble, and he was obliged to leave the town. He then went to London, and became tutor to the orphan children of the Earl of Surrey, but on the accession of Queen Mary he was obliged to flee to the Continent. He took up his abode at Basle, and while supporting himself as a press corrector composed his famous *History of the Acts and Monuments of the Christian Martyrs*, which appeared in Latin in 1559, and in English in 1563. After the death of Mary he returned to England, and was appointed to a prebend in Salisbury Cathedral, and the lease of the vicarage of Shipton. He wrote many other works, chiefly controversial pamphlets, and died in London in 1587.

## THE STORY OF ROWLAND TAYLOUR

*From "FOXE'S HISTORY OF THE ACTS AND MONUMENTS OF THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS"*

On the next morow, after that Doct. Tailour had supped with his wife in the Counter (as is before expressed) which was the fift day of February, the Shiriffe of London with his Officers came

to the Counter by two of the clocke in the morning, and so brought forth Doctor Taylour, and without any light lead him to the Wolsacke, an Inne without Algate. D. Taylours wife suspecting that her husband should that night be caryed away, watched all night within S. Buotolph's Church porch beside Algate, having with her two children, the one named Elizabeth of xiii yeaeres of age (whom being left without father or mother Doctoure Taylour had brought up of almes from iii yeaeres olde) the other named Mary, D. Taylours owne daughter.

Now, when the Sheriffe and his company came against S. Buotolph's Church, Elizabeth cried saying: O my deare father. Mother, mother here is my father led away. Then cried his wife: Rowland, Rowland, where art thou? for it was a very darcke morning, that the one coulde not see the other. D. Taylour answered: Deare wife, I am here, and stayed. The Sheriffe men would have led him forth, but the Sheriffe sayd: Stay a litle, maysters, I pray you, and let him speake with his wife, and so they stayed.

Then came she to him, and he tooke his daughter Mary in his armes, and hee, his wife, and Elizabeth, kneeled downe and sayd the Lordes prayer. At which sight the Sheriffe wept apase, and so did divers other of the company. After they had prayd he rose up and kissed his wife, and shooke her by the hand and sayd. Farewell my deare wife, be of good comfort, for I am quiet in my conscience. God shal stirre up a father for my children. And then he kissed his daughter Mary and sayd: God blesse thee and make thee his servaunt and kissing Elizabeth, he sayde, God blesse thee. I pray you all stand strong and stedfast unto Christ and his word, and keepe you from idolatry. Then

said his wife: God be with thee deare Rowland. I will with God's grace meet thee at Hadley.

After two dayes, the Shiriffe and his company let Doctour Taylour towrdes Hadley, and coming within a two mile of Hadley, he desired to light of his horse; which done he lept, and set a friske or twain, as men commonly do in daunsing. Why Mayster Doctour (quoth the Shiriffe) how do you now? He aunswered: Well, God be praysed, good Mayster Shiriffe. Never better; for now I know I am almost at home. I lacke not past two stiles to go over, and I am even at my father's house. But Mayster Shiriff (sayd he) shall not we go through Hadley? Yes sayd the Sheriff, you shall go through Hadley. Then sayd he: O good Lord, I thanke thee. I shall yet once ere I dye see my flocke, whom thou Lord knowest I have most hartely loved, and truly taught. Good Lord blesse them, and keep them stedfast in thy word and truth.

When they were now come to Hadley, and came riding over the bridge, at the bridge fote waited a poore man with five small children: who when he saw D. Taylour, he and his children fell down upon theyr knees, and held up their handes and cryed with a loud voice, and sayd O deare father, and good shepheard, Doctour Taylour: God helpe and succour thee, as thou hast many a time succoured me, and my poore children. Such witnes had the servant of God of his vertuous and charitable almes geven in his lifetime. For God would now the poore should testify of his good deeds, to his singuler comfort, to the example of others, and confusion of his persecutors and tyrannous adversaryes. For the Shiriffe and

other that lead him to death, were wonderfully astonished at this, and the Shiriffe sore rebuked the poore man for so cryng. The streets of Hadley were beset on both sides the way with men and women of the towne and country, who wayted to see him : whome when they beheld so led to death, with weeping eyes and lamentable voyces they ciyed, saying one to another . Ah, good Lord, there goeth, our good shepheard from us, that so faythfullye hath taught us, so fatherly hath cared for us, and so godly hath governed us. O mercifull God : what shal we poore scattered Lambes do ? what shall come of this most wicked world ? Good Lord strengthen him and comfort him ; with such other most lamentable and pitious voyces. Wherefore the people were sore rebuked by the Shiriffe and the catchpoles his men, that led him. And Doctour Taylour evermore sayde to the people I have preached to you God's word and truth, and am come this day to seale it with my bloud.

## HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY

1517-1547

HENRY HOWARD, the son of that Earl of Surrey who, for his services at Flodden, was created Duke of Norfolk, was born in 1517. It is believed that he was educated with the Duke of Richmond, a son of Henry VIII who died young. He was a prominent figure at Court and abroad, and in 1539 served with the English army in a joint attack with Charles V on Landrecy. After the fall of Boulogne in 1544 he was made Governor of that town, but in 1546, owing to the intrigues of his enemies, he was recalled. He was accused of aiming at the throne, found guilty, and executed in January, 1547, a few days before the death of Henry VIII.

### DESCRIPTION OF SPRING

WHEREIN ECHE THING RENEWES SAVE ONELY THE  
LOVER

The soote season, that bud and blome forth brings,  
With grene hath clad the hill, and eke the vale :  
The nightingale with fetheris new she sings :  
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale .  
Somer is come, for euery spray now springs :  
The hart hath hong his old hed on the pale ;

The buck in brake his winter coate he flings :  
 The fishes flete with new repaired scale  
 The adder all her slough away she flings ;  
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale ;  
 The busy bee her hony now she mings,  
 Winter is worne, that was the flowers bale.

And thus I see among these pleasant things  
 Eche care decayes ; and yet my sorow springs.

### DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE GERALDINE

From Tuskane came my Ladies worthy race :  
 Faire Florence was sometime her auncient seate  
 The western yle, whose plesant shore doth face  
 Wilde Cambers clif, did gyve her huely heate .  
 Fostred she was with milke of Irishe brest ;  
 Her sire, an Erle ; her dame, of princes blood .  
 From tender yeres, in Britain she doth rest  
 With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food .  
 Honsdon did first present her to mine yien ,  
 Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight  
 Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine .  
 And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.

Her beauty of kind, her vertues from above ;  
 Happy is he, that can obtaine hei love !

### THE LAST WORDS OF DIDO

*From SURREY'S TRANSLATION OF BOOK IV OF  
 THE "ÆNEID"*

Aurora now from Titan's purple bed,  
 With new daylight hath overspied the earth.  
 When by her windowes the Quene the peping day  
 Espyed, and navie with splaid sailes depart

The shore, and eke the porte of vessels voyde :  
 Her comly brest thrise or ioure times she smote  
 With her own hand, and tore her golden tresse.  
 Oh Jove (quoth she) shall he then thus depart  
 A stranger thus, and scorne our kingdome so ?  
 Shall not my men do on their armure prest ?  
 And eke pursue them throughout all the town ?  
 Out of the rode sone shall the vessell warpe.  
 Hast on, cast flame, set sayle, and welde your  
 owers.

What said I ? but where am I ? What phrensic  
 Alters thyn minde ? unhappy Dido, now  
 Hath thee beset a froward destonie.

Then it behoved, when thou didst geve to him  
 The scepter. Lo ! his faith and his iight hand  
 That leades with him (they say) his countrie  
 godes,

That on his back his aged father bore !  
 His body might I not have caught and rent ?  
 And in the seas drenched him and his feres ?  
 And from Ascanius his life with iron ieft,  
 And set him on his father's bord for meate ?  
 Of such debate perchaunce the fortune might  
 Have bene doutfull . would God it were assaied !  
 Whom should I feare, sith I myselfe must die ?  
 Might I have throwen into that navy brandes,  
 And filled eke their deckes with flaming fire,  
 The father, son, and all their nacion  
 Destroied, and falln my self ded over al !  
 Sunne, with thy beames, that mortall workes  
 discriest,

And thou, Juno, that wel these travails knowest,  
 Proserpine thou, upon whom folk do use  
 To houle, and call in forked waies by night,  
 Infernal Furies, ye breakers of wrong,  
 And Dido's gods, who stande at point of death,  
 Receive these wordes, and eke your heavy power,

Withdraw from me, that wicked folk deserve,  
And our request accept, we you beseche.  
If so that yonder wicked head must needs  
Recover port, and saile to land of force,  
And if Joves will have so resolved it,  
And such ende set as no wight can fordoe,  
Yet at the least assailed mought he be  
With armes, and warres of hardy nacions,  
From the boundes of his kingdom far exiled.  
Julus eke rashed out of his armes  
Driven to call for helpe, that he may see  
The giltlesse corpses of his folke lie dead ;  
And after hard condicions of peace,  
His realme, nor life desired may he brooke .  
But fall before his time ungraved amid the sandes.  
This I require, these wordes with blood I shed.  
And Tyrians, ye his stocke and all his race  
Pursue with hate, rewarde our cinders so.  
No love nor league, betwixt our people be,  
And of our bones, some wreaker may there spring,  
With sword and flame that Trojans may pursue :  
And from henceforth, when that our power may  
stretch,  
Our costes to them contrary be for age,  
I crave of God, and our streames to their fluddes,  
Armes unto armes, and offspring of eche race  
With mortal warr eche other may fordoe !  
This said, her mind she writhed on al sides  
Seeking with sped to end her irksome life.

## RAPHAEL HOLINSHED

(Died c. 1580)

LITTLE is known about Holinshed's life, but he is said to have been a minister. Afterwards he was a translator in the printing office of Reginald Wolfe, and, towards the end of his life, steward to Thomas Burdet of Bromcote in Warwickshire. The first edition of the *Chronicles* was published in 1577, and a second edition appeared in 1587. It was to Holinshed that Shakespeare went for the material of most of his historical plays, as well as that of *Cymbeline*, *King Lear*, and *Macbeth*.

### THE THREE WITCHES

*From "THE CHRONICLE OF SCOTLAND"*

Shortly after happened a straunge and uncouth wonder, whiche afterwaide was the cause of muche trouble in the realme of Scotlande, as ye shall after heare. It fortuned as Makbeth and Banquo journeyed towarde Fores, where the king as then laie, they went sporting by the way togither without other companie, save only themselves, passing through the woods and fields, when sodenly in the middest of a launde, there met them iii women in straunge and ferly apparell, resembling creatures of an elder worlde, whom when they attentivelie behelde, wondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and sayde · "All hayle, Makbeth, Thane of Glaminis" (for he had lately entred into

that dignitic and office by the death of his father Synel.) The ii of them said: " Hayle Makbeth Thane of Cawder ". but the third said: " All Hayle Makbeth that hereafter shalt be King of Scotland." Then Banquo, " What manner of women (saith he) are you, that seeme so litle favourable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides highe offices, yee assigne also the kingdome, appointyng foorth nothing for me at all ? " " Yes," sayth the firste of them, " wee promise greatei benefites unto thee, than unto him, for he shall reygne in deede, but with an unluckie ende , neyther shall he leave any issue behinde him to succeede in his place, where contrarilie thou in deede shalt not reygne at all, but of thec those shall be boine whiche shall governe the Scottish kingdome by long order of continuall descent." Herewith the foresayde women vanished immediatelie out of theyi sight. This was reputed at the first but some vayne fantasticall illusion by Makbeth and Banquo, in so muche that Banquo woulde call Makbeth in jeste, Kyng of Scotland, and Makbeth againe would call him in sporte likewise, the father of many kings. But afterwards the common opinion was that these women were eyther the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the Goddesses of destinie, or els some nymphes or faeries, endewed with knowledge of prophesie by their necromantical science, because everie thing came to passe as they liad spoken. For shortly after, the Thane of Cawder being condemned at Forcs of treason against the king committed, his landes, livings and offices were given of the king's liberalitie unto Makbeth.

The same night after, at supper, Banquo jested with him and sayde, Now, Makbeth, thou haste obtayned those things which the twoo

former sisters prophesied, there remayneth onely for thee to purchase that which the third sayd should come to passe. Whereupon Makbeth revolving the thing in his minde, began even then to devise howe he myght attayne to the kingdome : but yet hee thought with himselfe that he must tary a time, whiche shoulde aduaunce him thereto (by the divine providence) as it had come to passe in his former preferment.

But shorthe after it chanced that King Duncane, having two sonnes by his wife, which was the daughter of Siward earle of Northumberland, he made the elder of them called Malcolm prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdome, immediateli after his deceasse. Makbeth sore troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where, by the old lawes of the realme, the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himselfe, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted) he began to take counsell how he myght usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarell so to do (as he tooke the matter) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all maner of title and claime, which he myght in time to come, pretend unto the crown.

## SIR THOMAS NORTH

1535-1601

SIR THOMAS NORTH was the second son of the first Lord North, and after leaving Cambridge studied law at Lincoln's Inn. In 1557 he published a translation of Guevara's *Dial of Princes*, and in 1570 *The Moral Philosophy of Dom*, from the Italian. The first edition of his version of Amyot's translation of Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans* appeared in 1579, and was Shakespeare's chief source for his plays on classical subjects. North was knighted in 1591, and died in 1601.

### THE MURDER OF CÆSAR

*From North's Translation of Plutarch's  
"Lives"*

But in the meane time came Decius Brutus: surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence, that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heire, and yet was of the conspiracie with Cassius and Brutus: he fearing that if Cæsar did adorne the session that day, the conspiracie would be betrayed, laughed at the Soothsayers and reproved Cæsar, saying: that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might thinke he mocked them, considering that by his commandement they were assembled, and that they were

eady willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaine him King of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he shoulde weare his diadem in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him, they should depart for that present time, and returne again when Calpurnia should have bettel dreames. what would his enemies and ill-willeis say, and how could they like of his frendes wrods? And who could perswade them otherwise, but that they would thinke his dominion a slaverie unto them, and tyrannicale in himselfe. And yet if it be so, said he, that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourselfe in person, and saluting the Senate, to dismisse them till another time. Therewithall he tooke Cæsar by the hand, and brought him out of his house. Cæsar was not gone far from his house, but a bondman, a strangel, did what he could to speake with him: and when he saw he was put back by the great prease and multitude of people that followed him, he went straight into his house, and put himselfe into Calpurniae's hands to be kept, till Cæsar came backe againe, telling her that he had great matters to impart unto him. And one Artemidorus, also borne in the Ile of Gnidos, a Doctor of Rhetoricke in the Grecke tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certaine of Brutus confederates, and therefore knewe the most part of all their practises against Cæsar: came and brought him a little bill written with his owne hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that weie offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed neaier to him, and said; Cæsar, reade this me-

memorials to yourselve, and that quickly, for they be matters of great waight, and touch you nearely. Cæsar tooke it of him, but could never reade it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him · but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himselfe, went on withall into the Senate house. Howbeit other are of opinion, that it was some man else that gave him that memoriall, and not Artemidorus, who did what he could all the way to give it to Cæsar, but he was alwayes repulsed by the people. For these things they may seeme to come by chance , but the place where the murther was prepared, and where the Senate were assembled, and where also there stood up an image of Pompey dedicated by himself amongst other ornaments which he gave unto the Theater . all these were manifest proofes that it was the ordinance of some god, that made this treason to be executed, specially in that very place. It is also reported that Cassius (though otherwise he did favour the doctrine of Epicurus) beholding the image of Pompey, before they entered into the action of their traiterous enterprise, he did softly call upon it, to aide him; but the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did sodainly put him in a furious passion, and made him like a man halfe besides himselfe. Now Antonius, that was a faithfull friend to Cæsar, and a valiant man besides of his hands, him, Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the Senate house, having begunne a long tale of set purpose. So Cæsar comming into the house, all the Senate stood up on their feete to do him honour. Then part of Brutus companie and confederates stood round about Cæsar's chaire, and part of them also came towards him, as though they made sute with Me-

tellus Cimber, to call home his brother againe from banishment and thus prosecuting still their sute, they followed Cæsar till he was set in his chaire. Who denying their petitions, and being offended with them one after another, because the more they were denied, the more they pressed upon him and were the earnester with him ; Metellus at length, taking his gowne with both hands, pulled it over his necke, which was the signe given the confederates to set upon him. Then Casca behind him strake him in the necke with his sword, howbeit the wound was not great nor mortall, because it seemed the feare of such a divelish attempt did amaze him, and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Cæsar turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword, and held it out, and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou ? And Casca in Greek to his brother, Brother help me. At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracie, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw, they had no power to flie, neither to help him, nor so much as once to make an outcrie. They on the other side that had conspired his death, compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Cæsar turned him no where, but he was striken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murther : and then Brutus himself gave him one wound. Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body : but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawne

in his hand, then he pulled his gowne over his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven either casually, or purposedly against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a goare blood till he was slaine. Thus it seemed, that the image tooke just revenge of Pompey's enemie, being throwne downe on the ground at his feet, and yielding up his ghost there, for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported, that he had three and twentie wounds upon his bodie and divirs of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one bodie with so many blowes. When Cæsar was slaine, the Senate (though Brutus stood in the middest amongst them, as though he would have said something touching this fact) presently ranne out of the house, and flying, filled all the citie with marvellous feare and tumult. Insomuch as some did shut to their doores, others forsooke their shops and warehouses, and others ranne to the place to see what the matter was : and others also that had seene it, ran home to their houses againe. But Antonius and Lepidus, which were two of Cæsar's chiefest friends, secretly conveying themselves away, fled into other men's houses, and forsooke their owne. Brutus and his confederates on the other side, being yet hot with this murther they had committed, having their swords drawne in their hands, came all in a troupe together out of the Senate, and went into the market place, not as men that made countenance to flie, but otherwise, boldly holding up their heads like men of courage, and called to the people to defend their libertie, and staid to speake with every great personage whom they met in their way.

## THOMAS SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

1536-1608

THOMAS SACKVILLE, the only son of Sir Richard Sackville, was born in 1536 at Withyham, Sussex. He became a member of the Inner Temple, and about 1557 wrote the *Induction* to a poem, completed by other hands, under the title of *A Mirroure for Magistrates*, which was published in 1559. The following year the *Tragedy of Gorboduc*, the first English tragedy in blank verse, which was the joint composition of Sackville and his friend Thomas Norton, was performed in the hall of the Inner Temple. From this time he devoted himself to politics, and during the reign of Elizabeth held many important offices, being appointed Lord Treasurer in 1599. He was created Earl of Dorset by James I, and died suddenly at the council table in 1608.

### SORROW CONDUCTS THE POET TO THE UNDERWORLD

*From the Induction to "A MIROUR FOR  
MAGISTRATES"*

The aged god no sooner Sorowe spye,  
But hasting strayt unto the banke apace  
With hollowe call unto the rout he cryed,  
To swarve apart, and geve the goddesse place.

Strayt it was done, when to the shoare we pace,  
Where hand in hand as we then linked faste,  
Within the boate we are together plaste.

And furth we launc full fraughted to the brinke,  
Whan with the unwonted weght, the rustye keele  
Began to cracke as if the same should sinke.  
We hoyse up mast and sayle, that in a whyle  
We fet the shore, where scarcely we had while  
For to arryve, but that we heard anone  
A thre sound barke confounded al in one.

We had not long furth past, but that we sawe,  
Blacke Cerberus, the hydeous hound of hell,  
With bristles reard, and with a thre mouthed jawe,  
Foredinning the ayr with his horrible yel.  
Out of the diepe darke cave where he did dwell,  
The goddesse strayt he knewe, and by and by  
He peaste and couched, while that we passed by.

Thence cum we to the horroure and the hel,  
The large great kyngdomes, and the dreadful  
raygne  
Of Pluto in his trone where he dyd dwell,  
The wyde waste places, and the hugye playne :  
The waylinges, shrykes, and sundry sortes of  
payne,  
The syghes, the sobbes, the diep and deadly  
groane,  
Earth, ayer, and all resounding playnt and moane.

Here pewled the babes, and here the maydes unwed  
With folded handes theyr sor y chaunce bewayled ;  
Here wept the gytlies slayne, and lovers dead,  
That slew them selves when nothing else avayled :  
A thousand sortes of sorrowes here that wayled  
With sighes and teares, sobs, shrykes, and all yfere,  
That (oh, alas ! ) it was a hel to heare.

We stayed us strayt, and wyth a rufull feare,  
 Beheld this heavy sight, while from mine eyes  
 The vaporied teares downstilled here and there,  
 And Sorowe eke in far more woful wyse,  
 Tooke on with playnt, up heaving to the skyes  
 Her wretched handes, that with her crye the rout  
 Gan in all heapes to swarne us round about.

Loe here (quoth Sorrowe) Plynches of renowne,  
 That whilom sat on top of Fortune's wheele  
 Now layed ful lowe, like wretches whurled downe,  
 Even with one frowne, that stayed but with a smyle,  
 And now beholde the thing that thou erewhile,  
 Saw only in thought, and what thou now shalt  
 heare

Recompt the same to Kesar, King, and Pier.

### MARCELLA'S LAMENT FOR PORREX

*From "THE TRAGEDIE OF GORBODUC"*

Act V, Scene II

*Mar.* O harde and cruell happe, that thus as-  
 signed

Unto so worthie a wight so wretched ende.  
 But most harde cruell harte, that coulde consent  
 To lende the hatefull destenies that hande,  
 By whiche, alas ! so heynous cryme was wrought.  
 O Queene of adamante ! O marble breaste !  
 If not the favour of his comelie face,  
 If not his princelie chere and countenaunce,  
 His valiant active armes, his manlie breaste ;  
 If not his faier and semelie personage,  
 His noble lymmes in suche proportion caste,  
 As would have wrapped a sillie woman's thought :  
 If this mought not have moveled the bloodie harte,

And that most cruell hande, the wretched weapon  
Even to let it fall, and kiste him in the face,  
With teares for ruthe to reave such one by death :  
Should nature yet consent to slaye her sonne ?

O mother ! thou to murder thus thie childe !  
Even Jove with justice must with lightening  
    flames

From heaven send down some strange revenge on  
    thee.

Ah, noble Prince ! how oft have I beheld  
Thee mounted on thy fierce and traumpling stede,  
Shyning in armour bright before the tylte,  
And with thy mistresse sleave tied on thy helme  
And charge thy staffe to please thy ladies eie,  
That bowed the head peece of thy frendly foe !  
Howe oft in armes on horse to bende the mace,  
Howe oft in armes on foote to breake the sworde  
Whiche never nowe these eyes may see againe !

## EDMUND SPENSER

1552-1599

EDMUND SPENSER, the son of a journeyman tailor, was born in London in 1552. He was educated at the school of the Merchant Taylors and at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and afterwards lived for a time with some kinsfolk in Lancashire. He then entered the service of the Earl of Leicester, and in 1579 he produced his first important work : *The Shepheard's Calendar, containing Twelve Eclogues, proportionable to the Twelve Months*, and was at once hailed by his contemporaries as a poet second only to Chaucer. In 1580 he was appointed secretary to Lord Grey de Wilton, who had just been sent as Lord Deputy to Ireland, and in that country Spenser passed the rest of his life. In 1589 he received a visit from Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom he showed the manuscript of *The Faerie Queene*, and by whose advice he returned to England for a time, to seek the favour of the Queen. Early in 1590 the first three books of his great poem were published, and were received with universal delight. Next year appeared a volume of miscellaneous poetry, entitled, *Complaints, containing Sundry Small Poems of the World's Vanity*. After a year and a half in England, Spenser returned to Ireland, where in 1594 he married Elizabeth Boyle, a kinswoman of the Earl of Cork. The story of his wooing is told

in his *Amoretti*—eighty-eight sonnets in the fashionable Elizabethan vein—and in his beautiful *Epithalamion*.

These poems were published in November, 1595, and the same year the author paid another visit to England, bringing with him three more books of *The Faerie Queene*. They were published in January, 1596, and were speedily followed by the *Prothalamion*, *Four Hymns in Honour of Love*, *in Honour of Beauty*, and *in Honour of Heavenly Love and Heavenly Beauty*, and *Astrophel*, an elegy on Sir Philip Sidney.

Early in 1597 Spenser returned to Kilcolman, and in 1598 he received the important appointment of Sheriff of Cork. Almost at the same time a terrible rebellion broke out, in the course of which the poet's home, Kilcolman Castle, was burned. He fled to England, and, only a month after his arrival in London, died at an inn in Westminster (16 Jan., 1599).

## JUNE

### THE SIXTH ECLOGUE OF "THE SHEPHEARD'S CALENDAR"

This eclogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colin's ill success in his love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a country lasse, Rosalind, and having (as seemeth) founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare frend Hobbinol, that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his steede Menalcas, another shepheard, received disloyally. And this is the whole argument of this eclogue.

## HOBBINOL—COLIN CLOUT

*Hob.* Lo ! Colin, here the place whose plesaunt  
syte  
From other shades hath weand my wandring  
mynde :  
Tell me, what wants me here to woike delyte ?  
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,  
So calme, so cool as no where else I fynde  
The grassye ground with daintye dayssies dight,  
The bramble bush, where byrds of every kynde  
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

*Col.* O happy Hobbinoll ! I blesse thy state,  
That Paradise hath founde whych Adam lost ;  
Here wander may thy flocke, early or late,  
Withouten dreade of wolves to bene ytost .  
Thy lovely layes here mayst thou freely boste.  
But I, unhappy man ! whom cruell fate  
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,  
Can nowhere fynde to shroude my lucklesse pate.

*Hob.* Then if by me thou list advised be,  
Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch,  
Leave me those hilles where harbrough nis to see,  
Nor holy-bush, nor brere, nor winding witche  
And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritch,  
And fructful flocks, bene every where to see  
Here no night ravenes lodge, more black than  
pitche,  
Nor elvish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee.

But frendly faeries, met with many Graces,  
And lightfoot Nymphes, can chace the lingring  
night  
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,  
Whilst sisters nyne, which dwell on Parnasse hight,

Doe make them musick for their more delight .  
 And Pan himselfe to kisse their christall faces,  
 Will pype and daunce when Phœbe shineth bright .  
 Such pierlesse pleasures have we in these places.

*Col.* And I, whylst youth and course of carelesse  
 yeeres

Did let me walk withouten lincks of love  
 In such delights did joy amongst my peeres  
 But riper age such pleasures doth reprove  
 My fancye eke from former follies move  
 To stayed steps ; for time in passing weares,  
 (As garments do, which wexen old above,)  
 And draweth newe delights with hoary heaies.

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pype  
 Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made  
 Tho would I seeke for Queene-apples unrype,  
 To give my Rosalind ; and in sommer shade  
 Dight gaudy girlonds was my common trade,  
 To crowne her golden locks : but yeeres more rype,  
 And losse of her, whose love as lyfe I wayd,  
 Those weary wanton toyes away did wype.

*Hob.* Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,  
 Which thou wert wont on wastfull hylls to singe,  
 I more delight than larke in sommer dayes ;  
 Whose echo made the neyghbour groves to ring,  
 And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring  
 Did shroude in shady leaves from sonny rayes,  
 Frame to thy songe their cherefule cheriping,  
 Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe Calliope with Muses moe,  
 Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,  
 Theyr yvory luyts and tamburins foregoc,  
 And from the fountaine, where they sat around,

Renne after hastily thy silver sound ;  
 But, when they came wherc thou thy skill didst  
 showe,

They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound  
 Shepheard, to see them in theyr art outgoc

*Col.* Of Muses, Hobbinol, I con no skill,  
 For thy bene daughteis of the hyghest Jove,  
 And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill :  
 For sith I heard that Pan with Phoebus strove  
 Which him to much rebuke and daunger drove,  
 I never lyst presume to Parnasse hyll,  
 But, pyping love in shade of lowly grove,  
 I play to please myselfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I who my song doth prayse or blanie,  
 Ne strive to winne renowne, or passe the rest :  
 With shepheard sittes not followe flying flame,  
 But feede his flocke in fields where falls hem best.  
 I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest ;  
 The fyffer they my careful case to frame ;  
 Enough is me to paint out my unrest,  
 And poore my piteous plaints out in the same.

The God of shepheards, Tityrus, is dead,  
 Who taught me homely, as I can, to make ;  
 He, whilst he lived, was the soveraigne head  
 Of shepheards all that bene with love ytake  
 Well could he wayle his woes, and lightly slake  
 The flames which love within his heart had bredd,  
 And tell us mery tales to keepe us wake,  
 The while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

Nowe dead is he, and lyeth wrapt in lead,  
 (O ! why should Death on hym such outrage  
 showe ?)

And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,  
 The fame whereof doth dayly greater growe.

But, if on me some little drops would flowe  
Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,  
I soone would learne these woods to wayle my woe,  
And teach the trees their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, causd of discurtesee,  
As messengers of this my painfull plight,  
Flye to my love, where ever that she bee,  
And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight,  
As shee deserves that wrought so deadly spight  
And thou, Menalcas, that by trecheree  
Didst underfong my lasse to wexe so light,  
Shouldest well be knowne for such thy villanee

But since I am not as I wish I were,  
Ye gentle shepheards which your flocks do feede,  
Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where  
Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked dcede  
And telle the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a wcedde,  
And faultless fayth is turned to faithlesse fere,  
That she the truest shepheards hart made bleede,  
That lyves on earth, and loved her most dere.

*Hob.* O, carefull Colin ! I lament thy case ;  
Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe !  
Ah, faithlesse Rosalind and voide of grace,  
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe !  
But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe  
Then ryse, ye blessed flocks, and home apace,  
Least night with stealing steppes doe you forsloe,  
And wett your tender lambes that by you trace

## UNA AND THE RED CROSS KNIGHT

*From "THE FAERIE QUEENE"*

## Book I, Canto I.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,  
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silvei shielde,  
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,  
 The cruel markes of many' a bloody fielde,  
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield  
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,  
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield .  
 Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,  
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounteis fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,  
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,  
 For whose sweete sake that gloriouſ badge he wore,  
 And dead, as living ever, him ador'd  
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,  
 For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.  
 Right, faithfull, true he was in deede and word ,  
 But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad ,  
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,  
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,  
 (That greatest glorious queene of Faery lond)  
 To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,  
 Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave .  
 And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne  
 To prove his puissance in battell brave  
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne ;  
 Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,  
 Upon a lowly asse more white then snow ,  
 Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide  
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low ;

And ovei all a blacke stole shee did throw :  
As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,  
And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow ;  
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had ;  
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,  
She was in life and every vertuous lore ;  
And by descent from royall lynage came  
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore  
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,  
And all the world in their subjection held ;  
Till that infernal feend with foule uprore  
Forwasted all their land, and then expeld ;  
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far  
compeld.

Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,  
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,  
Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,  
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,  
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine  
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,  
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain ;  
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves  
were fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,  
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,  
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand ,  
Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,  
Did spred so broad, that Heavens light did hide,  
Not perceable with power of any starr :  
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,  
With footing worne, and leading inward farr .  
Faire harbour that them seems ; so in they entred  
ar.

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,  
 Ioying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,  
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,  
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.  
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and ly,  
 The sayling pine ; the cedar proud and tall ;  
 The vine-propp elme ; the poplar never dry ;  
 The builder oake, sole king of forrests all ;  
 The aspine good for staves , the cypresse funerall ;  
 The laurell, meed of mighty conquerours  
 And poets sage ; the firre that weepeth still ;  
 The willow, worne of forlorne paramours ;  
 The eugh, obedient to the benders will ;  
 The birch for shaftes ; the sallow for the mill ;  
 The mirhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound ;  
 The warlike beech ; the ash for nothing ill ,  
 The fruitful olive ; and the platane round ;  
 The carver holme , the maple seeldom inward  
 sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,  
 Untill the blustering storme is overblowne ;  
 When, weening to returne whence they did stray,  
 They cannot finde that path, which first was  
 showne,  
 But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,  
 Furthest from end then, when they nercerst weene,  
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their  
 owne  
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene,  
 That, which of them to take, in diverse doubt they  
 been.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way  
 An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,  
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,  
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had ;

Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad ;  
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,  
 Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad ;  
 And all the way he prayed, as he went,  
 And often knoockt his brest, as one that did  
 repent.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,  
 Who faire him quited, as that courteous was ,  
 And after asked him, if he did know  
 Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.  
 " Ah ! my dear sonne," quoth he, " how should,  
 alas !

Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,  
 Bidding his beades all day for his trespass,  
 Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell ?  
 With holy father sits not with such thinges to  
 mell.

" But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,  
 And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,  
 Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,  
 That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare."  
 " Of such," saide he, " I chiefly doe inquere ;  
 And shall thee well rewarde to show the place,  
 In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare :  
 For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,  
 That such a cursed creature lives so long a  
 space."

" Far hence," quoth he, " in wastfull wildernesse  
 His dwelling is, by which no living wight  
 May ever passc, but thorough great distresse."  
 " Now," saide the ladie, " draweth toward night ;

And well I wote, that of your later fight  
 Ye all forwearied be , for what so strong,  
 But, wanting rest, will also want of might ?  
 The Sunne, that measures Heaven all day long,  
 At night doth baite his stecdes the ocean waves  
 emong.

“ Then with the Sunne take, sir, your timely rest,  
 And with new day new worke at oncc begin  
 Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best.”  
 “ Right well, sir Knight, ye have advised bin,”  
 Quoth then that aged man ; “ the way to win  
 Is wisely to advise now day is spent ,  
 Therefore with me you may take up your in  
 For this same night.” The knight was well con-  
 tent .

So with that godly father to his home they went.

A little lowly hermitage it was,  
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,  
 Far from resort of people, that did pas  
 In traveill to and froe . a little wyde  
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,  
 Wherein the hermite duly wont to say  
 His holy things each morne and eventyde .  
 Thereby a christall stremme did gently play,  
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth away.

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,  
 Ne looke for entertainment, where none was ,  
 Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will :  
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.  
 With fare discoursc the evening so they pas ,  
 For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,  
 And wel could file his tongue, as smooth as glas .  
 He told of saintes and popes, and evermore  
 He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

## BELPHŒBE AND BRAGGADOCCHIO

*From "THE FAERIE QUEENE"*

## Book II, Canto III

Till that they come unto a forrest greene,  
In which they shrowd themselves from causeles  
feare;

Yet feare them followes still, where so they becne :  
Each trembling leafe and whistling wind they  
heare,

As ghastly bug, does greatly them affeare .  
Yet both doe strive their fearfulnessesse to faine.  
At last they heard a horne that shrilled cleare  
Throughout the wood that echoed againe,  
And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in  
twaine.

Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush ,  
With noyse whereof he from his loftie steed  
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a bush,  
To hide his coward head from dying dred.  
But Trompart stoutly stayd to taken heed  
Of what might hap. Eftsoone theresteped foorth  
A goodly ladie clad in hunters weed,  
That seemd to be a woman of great worth,  
And by her stately portance borne of heavenly  
birth.

Her face so faire, as flesh it seemed not,  
But hevenly pourtraict of bright angels hew,  
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,  
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew ;  
And in her cheeke the vermeill red did shew  
Like roses in a bed of lilies shed,  
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,  
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,  
Hable to heale the sicke and to revive the ded.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,  
 Kindled above at th' hevnyly Makers light,  
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same,  
 So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,  
 That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight .  
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre  
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might ;  
 For, with dredd maiestie and awfull yre  
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base  
 desyre.

Her yvorie forhead, full of bountie brave,  
 Like a broad table did it selfe dispred,  
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,  
 And write the battailes of his great godhed  
 All good and honour might therein be red ,  
 For there their dwelling was. And, when she  
 spake,  
 Sweete wordes, like dropping honny, she did shed ;  
 And twixt the perles and rubies softly brake  
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to  
 make.

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,  
 Under the shadow of her even brows,  
 Working belgardes and amorous retrate ;  
 And everie one her with a grace endowes,  
 And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes :  
 So glorious murrhour of celestiall grace,  
 And soveraine monument of mortall vowedes,  
 How shall frayle pen descriue her heavenly face,  
 For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to dis-  
 grace ?

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,  
 She seemd, when she presented was to sight ,  
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,  
 All in a silken camus lilly whight,

Purfled upon with many a folded plight,  
Which all above besprinkled was throughout  
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,  
Like twinkling starres, and all the skirt about  
Was hemd with golden fringe

Below her ham her weed did somewhat trayne,  
And her streight legs most bravely were embayld  
In gilden buskins of costly cordwayne,  
All bard with golden bndes, which were entayld  
Will curious antickes, and full fayre aumayld.  
Before, they fastned were under her knec  
In a rich jewell, and therein entrayld  
The ends of all the knots, that none might see  
How they within their fouldings close enwrapped  
bee :

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,  
Which doe the temple of the gods support,  
Whom all the people decke with girlands greenc,  
And honour in their festivall resort,  
Those same with stately grace and princely port  
She taught to tread, when she herselfe would grace ;  
But with the woody nymphes when she did play,  
Or when the flying libbard she did chace,  
She could then nimblly move, and after fly apace.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,  
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,  
And, when the winde emongst them did inspyre,  
They waved like a penon wyde despred,  
And low behinde her backe were scattered  
And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,  
As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,  
In her rude heares sweet flowies themselves did lap,  
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did en-  
wrap.

Such as Diana by the sandy shore  
 Of swift Eurotas, or on Cynthus greene,  
 Where all the nymphes have her unwares forlore,  
 Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes kcene,  
 To seeke her game : or as that famous queene  
 Of Amazons, whom Pyrrhus did destroy,  
 The day that first of Priame she was seene,  
 Did shew herselfe in great triumphant ioy,  
 To succour the weake state of sad afflicted Troy.

Such when as hartlesse Trompart her did vew,  
 He was dismayed in his coward minde,  
 And doubted whether he himselfe should shew,  
 Or fly away, or bide alone behinde ;  
 Both feare and hope he in her face did finde .  
 When she at last him spying thus bespake ;  
 " Hayle, groome ; didst not thou see a bleeding  
     hynde,  
 Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrow  
     strake ?  
 If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake."

Wherewith reviv'd, this answere forth he threw ;  
 " O goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee)  
 For nether doth thy face terrestriall shew,  
 Nor voyce sound mortall ; I avow to thee,  
 Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,  
 Sith earst into this forrest wild I came.  
 But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,  
 To weete which of the gods I shall thee name,  
 That unto thee dew worship I may rightly frame."

To whom she thus—but ere her words ensewd,  
 Unto the bush her eye did suddein glaunce,  
 In which vaine Braggadocchio was mewd,  
 And saw it stirre : she leift her percing launce,

And towards gan a deadly shafte advaunce,  
In minde to marke the beast. At which sad  
stowre,

Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,  
Out cryng, “O ! whatever hevenly powre ;  
Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly  
howre !

“ O ! stay thy hand ; for yonder is no game  
For thy fiers arrowes, them to exercize ;  
But loe ! my lord, my liege, whose warlike name  
Is far renouwnd through many bold emprise ;  
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.”  
She staid : with that he crauld out of his nest,  
Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies ,  
And, standing stoutly up, his lofty crest  
Did fiercely shake, and rowze as comming late from  
rest.

As fearfull fowle, that long in secret cave  
For dread of soring hauke herselfe hath hid,  
Not caring how, her silly life to save,  
She her gay painted plumes disorderid ;  
Seeing at last herselfe from daunger rid,  
Peeps forth, and soone renews her native pride ;  
She gins her feathers fowle disfigured  
Prowdly to prune, and sett on every side ;  
She shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her  
hide.

So when her goodly visage he beheld,  
He gan himselfe to vaunt · but, when he vewd  
Those deadly tooles which in her hand she held,  
Soone into other fitts he was transmewrd,  
Till she to him her gracious speach renewd ;  
“ All haile, sir Knight, and well may thee befall,  
As all the like, which honor have pursewd  
Through deeds of armes and prowesse martiall !  
All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.”

To whom he thus ; " O fairest under skie  
 Trew be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,  
 That wailike feats dost highest glorie.  
 Therein I have spent all my youthly daies,  
 And many battailes lought, and many fraies  
 Throughout the world, wherso they might be  
 found,  
 Endevouring my dreaded name to raise  
 Above the moone, that Fame may it resound  
 In her eternall tromp with laurell girlond cround.

" But what art thou, O lady, which dost raunge  
 In this wilde forest, where no pleasure is,  
 And doest not it for joyous court exchaunge,  
 Emongst thine equall peres, where happy blis  
 And all delight does raigne much more than this ?  
 There thou maist love, and dearly loved be,  
 And swim in pleasure, which thou here dost mis ;  
 There maist thou best be seene, and best maist sec .  
 The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fit for thee "

" Whoso in pompe of prowde estate," quoth she,  
 " Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,  
 Does waste his daies in darike obscuritee,  
 And in oblivion ever buried is :  
 Where ease abounds, yt's eath to doe amiss :  
 But who his limbs with labouis, and his mynd  
 Behaves with cares, cannot so easy miss.  
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,  
 Who scekkes with painfull toile, shall Honour  
 soonest fynd

" In woods, in waves, in warres, she wonts to dwell  
 And will be found with perill and with paine ;  
 Ne can the man that moulds in ydle cell,  
 Unto her happy mansion attaine ,

Before her gate high God did sweate ordaine,  
And wakefull watches ever to abide .  
But easy is the way, and passage plaine  
To Pleasure's pallace ; it may soone be spide  
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

“ In princes court ”—The rest she would have  
sayd,  
But that the foolish man (fild with delight  
Of her sweete words that all his sence dismayd,  
And with her wondrous beauty ravisht quight,)  
Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.  
With that she, swarving backe, her javelin bright  
Against him bent and fiercely did menacé :  
So turned her about, and fled away apace.

Which when the pesaunt saw, amazd he stood,  
And grieved at her flight ; yet durst he not  
Pursew her steps through wild unknownen wood ,  
Besides, he feard her wrath and threatened shoit,  
Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgott .  
Ne card he greatly for her presence vayne,  
But turning sayd to Trompart : “ What fowle  
plott  
Is this to knight, that lady should agayne  
Depart to woods untouched, and leave so proud  
disdaync ! ”

“ Perdy,” said Trompart, “ lett her pas at will,  
Least by her presence daunger mote befall.  
For who can tell (and sure I fceele it ill)  
But that shee is some powre celestiall ?  
For, whilcs she spake, her great words did appall  
My feeble corage, and my heart oppresse,  
That yet I quake and tremble over all.”

“ And I,” said Braggadocchio, “ thought no lesse,  
When first I heard her horn sound with such  
ghastlinessse.

“ For from my mothers wombe this grace I have  
Me given by eternall destiny,  
That earthly thing may not my corage brave  
Dismay with feare, or cause one foote to flye,  
But either hellish feends, or powres on hye  
Which was the cause, when earst that horne I heard,  
Weening it had beene thunder in the skye,  
I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard ;  
But, when I other knew, my self I boldly reard.

“ But now, for feare of worse that may betide,  
Let us soone hence depart.” They soone agree ;  
So to his steed he gott, and gan to ride  
As one unfitt therefore, that all might see  
He had not trayned been in chevalree.  
Which well that valiaunt courser did discerne ,  
For he despised to tread in dew degree,  
But chaufd and fom’d with corage fieris and sterne  
And to be easd of that base burden still did crne.

### SPENSER IN ENGLAND

#### *From “ COLIN CLOUT’S COME HOME AGAIN ”*

“ Foorth on our voyage we by land did passe,  
(Quoth he) as that same shephcard still us guyded,  
Untill that we to Cynthiac’s presence came .  
Whose glorie greater than my simple thought,  
I found much greater than the former fame ;  
Such greatnes I cannot compare to aught .  
But if I her like aught on earth might read,  
I would her lyken to a crown of lillies,

Upon a virgin brydes adorned head,  
With roses dight, and gooldes, and daffadillies ;  
Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,  
In which all colours of the rainbow be ;  
Or like faire Phœbus garlond shining new,  
In which all pure perfection one may see.  
But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone  
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine :  
Her power, her mercy, her wisdome, none  
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.  
Why then do I, base shepheard, bold and blind,  
Presume the things so sacred to prophane ?  
More fit it is t' adore with humble mind,  
The image of the heavens in shape humane.”

With that Alexis broke his tale asunder,  
Saying ; “ By wondring at thy Cynthiaes praise,  
Colin, thy self thou mak'st us more to wonder,  
And her upraising doest thy self upraise.  
But let us heare what grace she shewed thee,  
And how that shepheard strange thy cause ad-  
vanced.

“ The Shepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)  
Unto that Goddesse grace me first enhanced,  
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,  
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight ;  
And it desir'd at timely hours to heare,  
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight ;  
For not by measure of her owne greate mynd  
And wondrous worth, she mott my simple song,  
But joyd that country shepheard aught could  
fynd  
Worth hearkening to, emongst the learned throng.

## PROTHALAMION

OR, A SPOUSALL VERSE MADE IN HONOUR OF THE  
DOUBLE MARRIAGE OF THE TWY HONOURABLE  
AND VERTUOUS LADIES, THE LADY ELIZABETH  
AND THE LADY KATHERINE SOMERSET, DAUGH-  
TERS TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARLE  
OF WORCESTER, AND ESPOUSES TO THE TWO  
WORTHIE GENTLEMEN MR HENRY GILFORD,  
AND MR. WILLIAM PETER, ESQUIRES

Calme was the day, and through the trembling  
ayre

Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play  
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay  
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fayre,  
When I (whom sullen care

Through discontent of my long fuitlesse stay  
In Princes Court, and expectation vayne  
Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,  
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne,)

Walkt forth to ease my Payne  
Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes ;  
Whose rutty bancke, the which his river hemmes,  
Was paynted all with variable flowers,  
And all the meades adornd with daintie gemmies  
Fit to decke maydens bowres,  
And crowne their Paramours

Against the brydale day, which is not long :  
Sweete Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my  
song

There, in a meadow, by the river's side,  
A flocke of nymphes I chaunced to espy,  
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,  
With goodly greenish locks, all loose untyde,  
As each had bene a blyde ,

And each one had a little wicket basket,  
 Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously  
 In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,  
 And with fine flowers cropt full feateously  
 The tender stalkes on hye.  
 Of every sort, which in that meadow grew,  
 They gathered some, the violet pallid blew,  
 The little dazie, that at evening closes,  
 The virgin lillie, and the primrose trew,  
 With store of vermeil roses,  
 To deck their bridegromes posies  
 Against the brydale day, which was not long.  
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two swannes of goodly hewe  
 Come softly swimming downe along the lee ;  
 Two fairer birds I never yet did see ;  
 The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,  
 Did never whiter shew ,  
 Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be,  
 For love of Leda, whiter did appeare ;  
 Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,  
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare ;  
 So purely white they were,  
 That even the gentle streme, the which them bare,  
 Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare  
 To wet their silken feathers, least they might  
 Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,  
 And marre their beauties bright,  
 That shone as heavens light ;  
 Against the brydale day, which was not long.

Sweet Themmes' runne softly, till I end my  
 song.

Eftsoones the nymphes, which now had flowers  
 their fill,  
 Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,  
 As they came floating on the christal flood ,

Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,  
 Their wandring eyes to fill ;  
 Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre.  
 Of Fowles so lovely, that they sure did deeme  
 Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre  
 Which through the skie draw Venus silver teeme  
 For sure they did not seeme  
 To be begot of any earthly seede,  
 But rather of angels, or of angels breed ;  
 Yet were they bred of somers heat, they say,  
 In sweetest season, when each flower and weede  
 The earth did fresh aray ;  
 So fresh they seem'd as day,  
 Even as their brydale day, which was not long :  
 Sweete Themmes' runne softly, till I end my song

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew  
 Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,  
 That to the sense did fragrant odours yeild,  
 All which upon those goodly birds they threw  
 And all the waves did strew,  
 That like old Peneus waters they did seeme,  
 When downe along by pleasant Tempe's shore,  
 Scattered with flowers, through Thessaly the  
 streeme,  
 That they appeare, through lillies plenteous stor  
 Like a bryde's chamber floor.  
 Two of these nymphs, meane while, two garland  
 bound  
 Of freshest flowres which in that mead they found  
 The which presenting all in trim array,  
 Their snowie foreheads therewithall they cround,  
 Whilst one did sing this lay,  
 Prepar'd against that day,  
 Against their brydale day, which was not long :  
 (Sweete Themmes' run softly, till I end m'  
 song.)

“ Ye gentle birds ! the world’s fair ornament,  
 And heavens glorie, whom this happic hower  
 Doth leade unto your lover’s blissful bower,  
 Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content  
 Of your loves complement ;

And let faire Venus, that is Queene of love,  
 With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,  
 Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove  
 All love’s dislike, and friendship’s faultie guile  
 For ever to assoile.

Let endlesse Peace your steadfast hearts accord,  
 And blessed Plentie wait upon your bord ;  
 And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,  
 That fruitfull issue may to you afford,  
 Which may your foes confound,  
 And make your joyes redound,  
 Upon your brydale day, which is not long.”

Sweete Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

So ended she : and all the rest around  
 To her redoubled that her undersong,  
 Which said their brydale daye should not be long :  
 And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground  
 Their accents did resound.

So forth those joyous birdes did passe along,  
 Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde low,  
 As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,  
 Yet did by signes his glad affection show,  
 Making his streme run slow.

And all the foule which in his floud did dwell  
 Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell  
 The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend  
 The lesser starres. So they, enranged well,  
 Did on those two attend

And their best service lend  
 Against their wedding day, which was not long.

Sweete Themmes ! run softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to mery London came,  
 To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,  
 That to me gave this life's first native souisce,  
 Though from another place I take my name,  
 An house of auncient fame.

There when they came, whereas those bricky towres  
 The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,  
 Where now the studious lawyers have their bowres  
 Thei whylome wont the Templer Knights to  
 byde,  
 Till they decayd through pride ;  
 Next whereunto there standes a stately place  
 Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace  
 Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell  
 Whose want too well now feeles my freendles case ;  
 But ah ! here fits not well  
 Olde woes, but joyes to tell  
 Against the brydale daye, which is not long  
 Sweete Themmes ' run softly, till I end my  
 song

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,  
 Great England's glory and the world's wide wonder,  
 Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did  
 thunder,  
 And Hercules two pillars standing neere  
 Did make to quake and feare.  
 Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie !  
 That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,  
 Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,  
 And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name  
 That promiseth the same,  
 That through thy prowesse and victorious armes  
~~Thy~~ country may be freed from lorraine harmes ;  
 And greate Elisac's glorious name may ring  
 Through a' l the world, fil'd with thy wide matimes,

Which some brave muse may sing  
To ages following  
Upon the brydale day, which is not long.

Sweete Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my  
song. •

From those high towers this noble lord issuing  
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre  
In th' ocean billows he hath bathed fayre,  
Descended to the rivers open vewing,  
With a great traine ensuing.  
Above the rest were goodly to bee seene  
Two gentle Knights of louely face and feature  
Beseeming well the bower of anie Queene,  
With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature  
Fit for so goodly stature,  
That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in sight,  
Which deck the baldricke of the Heavens bright.  
They two, forth pacing to the river's side,  
Received those two faire brides, their love's delight ;  
Which at th' appointed tyde  
Each one did make his bryde  
Against their brydale day, which is not long.

Sweete Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my  
song.

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH

1552-1618

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was born in 1552 at Hayes Manor in Devonshire, and after a short stay at Oxford and a visit to the Netherlands, he joined his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in an unsuccessful attempt on the West Indies. Then he went to Ireland, and was rewarded for his services with large tracts of forfeited land. In 1584 and 1585 he organized expeditions to Virginia, and in 1589 he was again in Ireland. He undertook a voyage to Guiana, an account of which was published in 1596, and in 1597 he took part in the brilliant attack of Essex on Cadiz. On the accession of James I Raleigh fell on evil days, and was condemned to death on the charge of conspiring to put Arabella Stuart on the throne. He spent the next sixteen years in the Tower, and during this period wrote for Prince Henry, James I's eldest son, his *History of the World*.

In 1616 he was liberated for the purpose of leading an expedition to Guiana to discover a gold mine, but the attempt ended in disaster, and on his return he was tried and condemned to death on the old charge. He was executed in 1618.

## THE VALUE OF HISTORY

*From the Preface to "THE HISTORY OF  
• THE WORLD"*

To me it belongs in the first part of this preface, following the common and approved custom of those who have left the memories of time past to after ages, to give, as near as I can, the same right to history which they have done. Yet, seeing therein I should but borrow other men's words, I will not trouble the reader with the repetition. True it is that among many other benefits for which it hath been honoured, in this one it triumpheth over all human knowledge, that it hath given us life in our understanding, since the world itself had life and beginning, even to this day ; yea, it hath triumphed over time, which, besides it, nothing but eternity hath triumphed over ; for it hath carried our knowledge over the vast and devouring space of so many thousands of years, and given so fair and piercing eyes to our mind, that we plainly behold living now, as if we had lived then, that great world, *magni Dei sapiens opus*—"the wise work," saith Hermes, "of a great God"—as it was then, when but new to itself. By it, I say, it is that we live in the very time when it was created. We behold how it was governed ; how it was covered with waters and again re-peopled, how kings and kingdoms have flourished and fallen ; and for what virtue and piety God made prosperous, and for what vice and deformity He made wretched, both the one and the other. And it is not the least debt which we owe unto history, that it hath made us acquainted with our dead ancestors ; and out of the depth and darkness

of the earth delivered us their memory and fame. In a word, we may gather out of history a policy no less wise than eternal, by the comparison and application of other men's forepassed miseries with our own like errors and deservings.

### THE EMBASSY OF FABIUS

*From "THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD"*

In conclusion, the Carthaginian Senate moved the Roman Ambassadors to deliver unto them in plain terms the purposes of those that sent them, and the worst of that which they had long determined against them. as for the Saguntines, and the confining of their armies within Iberus, those were but pretences. Whereupon Quintus Fabius, gathering up the skirt of his gown as if somewhat had been laid in the hollow thereof, made this short reply "I have here," quoth he, "in my gown skirt, both peace and war, make you (my masters) of the Senate, election of these two, which of them you like best and purpose to embrace." Hereat all cried out at once "Even which of them you yourself have a fancy to offer us." "Marry then," quoth Fabius, "take the war and share it among you" Which all the assembly willingly accepted.

This was plain dealing To wrangle about pretences when each part had resolved to make war, it was merely frivolous. For all these disputes of breach of peace have ever been maintained by the party unwilling or unable to sustain the war The rusty sword and the empty purse do always plead performance of covenants.

There have been few kings or states in the world that have otherwise understood the obligation of a treaty, than with the condition of their own advantage, and commonly (seeing peace between ambitious princes and states is but a kind of breathing) the best advised have rather begun with the sword than with the trumpet. So dealt the Arragonois with the French in Naples; Henry the Second of France with the Imperials, when he wrote to Brisac, to surprise as many places as he could ere the war broke out; Don John with the Netherlands; and Philip the Second of Spain with the English, when in the great embargo he took all our ships and food in his ports.

#### A VISION UPON THIS CONCEIT OF THE FAERIE QUEENE

Me thought I saw the grave where Laura lay,  
 Within that temple where the vestal flame  
 Was wont to burn; and passing by that way,  
 To see that buried dust of living fame,  
 Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,  
 All suddenly I saw the Fairy Queen,  
 At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept;  
 And from henceforth those graces were not seen,  
 For they this Queen attended in whose stead  
 Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse.  
 Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,  
 And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did  
 pierce,  
 Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,  
 And cursed the access of that celestial thief

## HIS PILGRIMAGE

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
 My staff of faith to walk upon,  
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet !

My bottle of salvation,  
 My gown of glory, hope's true gage ;  
 And thus I'll take my Pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer ;  
 No other balm will there be given !

Whilst my soul, like quiet Palmer,  
 Travelleth towards the land of Heaven,  
 Over the silver mountains  
 Where spring the nectar fountains,

There will I kiss  
 The bowl of bliss ;  
 And drink mine everlasting fill  
 Upon every milken hill.

My soul will be a-dry before ;  
 But after, it will thirst no more !

Then by that happy blissful day,  
 More peaceful pilgrims I shall see ;  
 That have cast off their rags of clay,  
 And walk apparelled fresh like me.

I'll take them first  
 To quench their thirst,  
 And taste of nectar suckets,  
 At those clear wells  
 Where sweetness dwells ;  
 Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we  
 Are filled with immortality ;  
 Then, the blessed paths we'll travel  
 Strowed with rubies thick as gravel ;  
 Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,

High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.  
From thence to Heaven's bribeless Hall ;  
Where no corrupted voices brawl ;  
No conscience molten into gold ;  
No forged accuser bought, or sold ;  
No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,  
For there, Christ is the King's Attorney  
Who pleads for all, without degrees ;  
And He hath angels, but no fees.

And when the grand twelve million Jury  
Of our sins, with direful fury,  
Against our souls, black verdicts give .  
Christ pleads His death ; and then we live !

Be thou my speaker, taintless Pleader !  
Unblotted Lawyer ! true Proceeder !  
Thou giv'st salvation, even for alms !  
Not with a bribed Lawyer's palms

And this is mine eternal plea  
To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,  
That, since my flesh must die so soon,  
And want a head to dine next noon ;  
Just at the stroke, when my veins start and spread,  
Set on my soul an everlasting head !

Then am I ready, like a Palmer fit,  
To tread those blest paths ; which before I writ.

### THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS DEATH

Even such is Time, that takes in trust  
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,  
And pays us but with age and dust ;  
Who in the dark and silent grave,  
When we have wandered all our ways,  
Shuts up the story of our days !  
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,  
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

## RICHARD HAKLUYT

1552 (?)–1616

RICHARD HAKLUYT was a clergyman of Dutch ancestry, who, after spending five years in Paris as chaplain to the English ambassador there, settled down in England as Rector of Wetheringsett in Suffolk and Archdeacon of Westminster. All his life he cultivated the society of travellers and explorers, and in 1582 and 1584 he published two small collections of voyages to America. These were followed in 1589 by his *Principal Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries of the English Nation*, which was the germ of his monumental work, *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffics, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or over Land to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, at any time within the compass of these 1500 years*. This work, which was published in 1599 and 1600, was in three volumes; the first containing voyages to the north and north-east and to Iceland; the second, voyages to the south; and the third, voyages to North America, the West Indies, and round the world. Hakluyt died in 1616, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

### A PREFACE TO THE READER AS TOUCHING THE PRINCIPAL VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES IN THIS FIRST PART

Having for the benefit and honour of my country zealously bestowed so many years, so much travail and cost, to bring antiquities smothered and buried in dark silence to light, and to preserve certain memorable exploits of late years by our English

nation achieved, from the greedy and devouring jaws of oblivion : to gather likewise, and as it were to incorporate into one body the torn and scattered limbs of our ancient and late navigations by sea, our voyage by land, and traffics of merchandize by both ; and having (so much as in me lieth) restored each particular member, being before displaced, to their true joints and ligaments ; I mean by the help of geography and chronology (which I may call the sun and the moon, the right eye and the left of all history) referred each particular relation to the due time and place ; I do this second time (friendly reader, if not to satisfy, yet at least for the present to allay and hold in suspense thine expectation) presume to offer unto thy view this first part of my threefold discourse. For the bringing of which into this homely, rough-hewn shape, which here thou seest, what restless nights, what painful days, what heat, what cold I have endured ; how many long and chargeable journeys I have travelled ; how many famous libraries I have searched into ; what variety of ancient and modern writers I have perused ; what a number of old records, patents, privileges, letters, etc., I have redeemed from obscurity and perishing ; into how manifold acquaintances I have entered, what expenses I have not spared ; and yet what fair opportunities of private gain, preferment, and ease I have neglected ; albeit thy self can hardly imagine, yet I by daily experience do find and feel, and some of my entire friends can sufficiently testify. Howbeit (as I told thee at first) the honour and benefit of this commonweal wherein I live and breathe hath made all difficulties seem easy, all pains and industry pleasant, and all expenses of light value and moment unto me.

For (to contain myself only within the bounds of this present discourse, and in the midst thereof to begin) will it not in all posterity be as great a renown unto our English nation to have been the first discoverers of a sea beyond the North Cape (never certainly known before) and of a convenient passage into the huge empie of Russia by the Bay of S. Nicholas and the river of Dwina ; as for the Portugals to have found a sea beyond the Cape of Buona Esperanza, and so consequently a passage by sea into the East Indies ; or for the Italians and Spaniards to have discovered unknown lands so many hundred leagues westward and south-westward of the Straits of Gibraltar, and of the pillars of Hercules ? Be it granted that the renowned Portugal Vasquez de Gama traversed the main ocean southward of Africa : did not Richard Chancelor and his mates perform the like northward of Europe ? Suppose that Columbus, that noble and high-spirited Genoese, escribed unknown lands to the westward of Europe and Africa ; did not the valiant English Knight, Sir Hugh Willoughby ; did not the famous pilots, Stephen Burrough, Arthur Pet, and Charles Jackman, accost Nova Zembla, Colgoieve, and Vaigatz, to the north of Europe and Asia ? Howbeit, you will say, perhaps, not with the like golden success nor with such deductions of colonies, nor attaining of conquests. True it is, that our success hath not been correspondent unto theirs ; yet in this our attempt the uncertainty of finding was far greater, and the difficulty and danger of searching was no whit less. For hath not Herodotus (a man for his time most skilful and judicial in cosmographic, who writ above 2000 years ago) in his fourth book, called Melpomene, signified unto the Portugals in plain terms ; that Africa, except the small isthmus

between the Arabian Gulf and the Mediterranean Sea, was on all sides environed with the ocean ? And for the further confirmation thereof, doth he not make mention of one Neco, an Egyptian King, who (for trial's sake) sent a fleet of Phoenicians down the Red Sea ; who setting forth in autumn, and sailing southward till they had the sun at noontide upon their starboard (that is to say, having crossed the equinoctial and the southern tropic) after a long navigation, directed their course to the north, and in the space of three years environed all Africa, passing home through the Gaditan straits, and arriving in Egypt ? And doth not Pliny tell them, that noble Hanno, in the flourishing time and estate of Carthage, sailed from Gades in Spain to the coast of Arabia Felix, and put down his whole journal in writing ? Doth he not make mention, that in the time of Augustus Cæsar, the wrack of certain Spanish ships was found floating in the Arabian Gulf ? And, not to be over-tedious in alleging of testimonies, doth not Strabo in the second book of his geography, together with Cornelius Nepos and Pliny in the place before named, agree all in one, that one Eudoxus, fleeing from King Lathyrus, and valing down the Arabian bay, sailed along, doubled the southern point of Afric, and at length arrived at Gades ? And what should I speak of the Spaniards ? Was not divine Plato (who lived so many ages ago, and plainly described their West Indies under the name of Atlantis) was not he (I say) instead of a cosmographer unto them ? Were not those Carthaginians mentioned by Aristotle, *Lib. de admirabil. auscult* their forerunners ? And had they not Columbus to stir them up, and prick them forward unto their western discoveries ; yea, to be their chief lodesman and pilot ? Sithens

therefore these two worthy nations had those bright lamps of learning (I mean the most ancient and best philosophers, historiographers, and geographers) to show them light, and the load-star of experience (to wit those great exploits and voyages laid up in store and recorded) whereby to shape their course: what great attempt might they not presume to undertake? But, alas, our English nation, at the first setting forth for their north-eastern discovery, were either altogether destitute of such clear lights and inducements, or if they had any inkling at all, it was as misty as they found the northern seas, and so obscure and ambiguous, that it was meet rather to deter them, than to give them encouragement.

And besides the aforesaid uncertainty, into what dangers and difficulties they plunged themselves, *animus meminisse horret*, I tremble to recount. For first they were to expose themselves unto the rigour of the stern and uncouth northern seas, and to make trial of the swelling waves and boisterous winds which there commonly do surge and blow. Then were they to sail by the ragged and perilous coast of Norway, to frequent the unhaunted shores of Finmark, to double the dreadful and misty North Cape, to bear with Willoughby's land, to run along within kenning of the countries of Lapland and Corelia, and, as it were, to open and unlock the sevenfold mouth of Dwina. Moreover, in their north-easterly navigations upon the seas and by the coasts of Condora, Colgoi-eve, Petzora, Joughoria, Samoedia, Nova Zembla, etc.; and their passing and return through the Straits of Vaigatz, unto what drifts of snow and mountains of ice even in June, July, and August, unto what hideous overfalls, uncertain currents, dark mists and togs, and divers other

fearful inconveniences they were subject and in danger of, I wish you rather to learn out of the voyages of Sir Hugh Willoughby, Stephen Burrough, Arthur Pet, and the rest, than to expect in this place an endless catalogue thereof. And here, by the way, I cannot but highly commend the great industry and magnanimity of the Hollanders, who with these few years have discovered to seventy-eight, yea (as themselves affirm) to eighty-one degrees of noitherly latitude; yet with this proviso that our English nation led them the dance, brake the ice before them, and gave them good leave to light their candle at our torch. But now it is high time for us to weigh our anchor, to hoist up our sails, to get clear of these boisterous, frosty and misty seas, and with all speed to direct our course for the mild, lightsome, temperate and warm Atlantic Ocean, over which the Spaniards and Portugals have made so many pleasant, prosperous, and golden voyages. And albeit I cannot deny that both of them in their East and West Indian navigations have endured many tempests, dangers and shipwrecks; yet this dare I boldly affirm first, that a great number of them have satisfied their fame-thirsty and gold-thirsty minds with that reputation and wealth which made all perils and misadventures seem tolerable unto them; and secondly, that their first attempts (which in this comparison I do only stand upon) were no whit more difficult and dangerous than ours to the north-east. For admit that the way was much longer, yet was it never barred with ice, mist or darkness, but was at all seasons of the year open and navigable, yea, and that for the most part with fortunate and fit gales of wind.

## RICHARD HOOKER

1553-1600

RICHARD HOOKER was born at Heavitree in Devonshire. His parents, though gentle people, were not wealthy, but through the benevolence of Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, he was educated at Oxford. In 1585 he was appointed Master of the Temple, and a controversy with a Puritan preacher named Travers led him to compose *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, in defence of the Established Church. The first four books were published in 1594, the fifth in 1597, and the others posthumously. He died in 1600, at Bishopsbourne in Kent, to which living he had been appointed in 1595.

### OF MUSIC WITH PSALMS

*From "THE LAWS OF ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY"*

#### Book V

Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effect it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony. A thing which delighteth all ages and besemeth all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as

being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facilitie which music hath to express and represent to the mind more inwardly than any other sensible mean the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject · yea so to imitate them, that whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clear contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In harmony the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblance, and brought, by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony ; than some nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, in as much as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness ; of some, more mollified and softened in mind ; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections ; there is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity, there is also that carrieth as it were into extasies, filling the mind with an heavenly joy, and for the time in a manner, severing it from the body. So that although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditties or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is, by a native puissance and efficacy, greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled, apt as well to quicken the spirits, as to allay that which is too eager, sovereign

against melancholy and despair, forcible to draw forth tears of devotion if the mind be such as can yield them, able both to move and to moderate all affections. The prophet David having thereto singular knowledge, not in poetry alone, but in music also, judged them both to be things most necessary for the house of God, left behind him to that purpose a number of divinely edited poems, and was farther the author of adding unto poetry melody in public prayer, melody both vocal and instrumental for the raising up of men's hearts, and the sweetening of their affections towards God. In which considerations the church of Christ doth likewise at the present day retain it as an ornament to God's service, and a help to our own devotion. They which under pretence of the law ceremonial abrogated, require the abrogation of instrumental music, approving nevertheless the use of vocal melody to remain, must shew some reason wherefore the one should be thought a legal ceremony and not the other. In Church music, curiosity and ostentation of art, wanton or light or unsuitable harmony, such as only pleaseth the ear, and doth not naturally serve to the very kind and degree of those impressions which the matter that goeth with it leaveth, or is apt to leave in men's minds, doth rather blemish and disgrace that we do then add either beauty or furtherance unto it. On the other side, these faults prevented, the force and efficacy of the thing itself, when it drowneth not utterly, but fitly suiteth with matter altogether sounding to the praise of God, is in truth most admirable, and doth much edify, if not the understanding, because it teacheth not, yet surely the affection, because therein it worketh much. They must have hearts very dry and rough for whom the melody of Psalms doth not

sometime draw that wherein a mind religiously affected delighteth. Be it as Rabanus Maurus observeth, that at the first the Church in this exercise was more simple and plain than we are, that their singing was little more than only a melodious kind of pronunciation, that the custom which we now use was not instituted so much for their cause which are spiritual, as to the end that into grosser and heavier minds whom bare words do not easily move, the sweetness of melody might make some entrance for good things. S. Basil himself acknowledging as much, did not think that from such inventions the least jot of estimation and credit thereby should be derogated. "For (saith he) whereas the holy Spirit saw that mankind is unto virtue hardly drawn, and that righteousness is the less accounted of by reason of the proneness of our affections to that which delighteth, it pleased the wisdom of the same Spirit to borrow from melody that pleasure, which mingled with heavenly mysteries, causeth the smoothness and softness of that which toucheth the ear, to convey as it were by stealth the treasure of good things into man's mind. To this purpose were those harmonious tunes of Psalms devised us, that they which are either in years but young, or touching perfection of virtue, as yet not grown to ripeness, might when they think they sing, learn. Oh the wise conceit of that heavenly teacher, which hath by his skill found out a way, that doing those things wherein we delight, we may also learn that whereby we profit."

## JOHN LLY

1554 (?)–1606

JOHN LLY was born in Kent about 1554, and was educated at Oxford. He received an appointment in the house of Lord Burleigh, and in 1579 published his famous novel, *Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit*, which was followed the next year by *Euphues and His England*. He also wrote many comedies, which were performed before the Queen, and contained some graceful songs. He died in 1606.

### AN OLD MAN'S COUNSEL

*From "EUPHUES"*

Young gentleman, although my acquaintance be small to entreat you, and my authority less to command you, yet my good will in giving you good counsel should induce you to believe me, and my hoary hairs (ambassadors of experience) enforce you to follow me, for by how much the more I am a stranger to you, by so much the more you are beholding to me, having therefore opportunity to utter my mind, I mean to be importunate with you to follow my meaning. As thy birth doth shew the express and lively image of gentle blood, so thy bringing up seemeth to me to be a great blot to the lineage of so noble a brute, so that I am enforced to think that either thou diddest want one to give thee good instructions or that thy parents made thee a wanton with too

much cockering either they were too foolish in using no discipline, or thou too froward in rejecting their doctrine: either they willing to have thee idle, or thou wilful to be ill employed. Will they not remember that which no man ought to forget, that the tender youth of a child is like the tempering of new wax, apt to receive any form? He that will carry a bull with Milo must use to carry him a calf also, he that coveteth to have a straight tree must not bow him, being a twig. The potter fashioneth his clay when it is soft, and the sparrow is taught to come when he is young. As therefore the iron, being hot, receiveth any form with the stroke of the hammer and keepeth it, being cold, for ever, so the tender wit of a child, if with diligence it be instructed in youth, will with industry use those qualities in his age

They might also have taken example of the wise husbandmen, who in their tattest and most fertile ground sow hemp before wheat, a grain that dryeth up the superfluous moisture and maketh the soil more apt for corn or of good gardeners who in their curious knots mix hyssop with thyme, as aids the one to the growth of the other, the one being dry, the other moist, or of cunning painters who for the whitest work cast the blackest ground, to make the picture more amiable. If therefore thy father had been as wise an husbandman as he was a fortunate husband, or thy mother as good a housewife as she was a happy wife, if they had been both as good gardeners to keep their knot, as they were grafters to bring forth such fruit, or as cunning painters, as they were happy parents, no doubt they had sowed hemp before wheat, that is, discipline before affection, they had set hyssop with thyme, that is, manners with wit, the one to aid the other, and to make thy dexterity more, they had

cast a black ground for their white work, that is, they had mixed threats with fair looks.

But things past, are past calling again: it is too late to shut the stable door when the steed is stolen. The Trojans repented too late when their town was spoiled: yet the remembrance of thy former follies might breed in thee a remorse of conscience, and be but a remedy against farther concupiscence. But now to thy present time. The Lacedemonians were wont to shew their children drunken men and other wicked men, that by seeing their filth, they might shun the like fault, and avoid the like vices when they were at the like state. The Persians to make their youth abhor gluttony would paint an epicure sleeping with meat in his mouth, and most horribly overladen with wine, that by the view of such monstrous sights, they might eschew the means of the like excess. The Parthians to cause their youth to loathe the alluring trains of women's wiles and deceitful enticements, had most curiously carved in their houses a young man blind, besides whom was adjointed a woman so exquisite, that in some men's judgments Pygmalion's image was not half so excellent, having one hand in his pocket as noting her theft, and holding a knife in the other hand to cut his throat. If the sight of such ugly shapes caused a loathing of the like sins, then, my good Euphues, consider their plight, and beware of thine own peril.

Is it not far better to abhor sins by the remembrance of others' faults than by repentance of thine own follies? Is he not accounted most wise, whom other men's harms do most make wary? But thou wilt haply say that, although there be many things in Naples to be justly con-

demned, yet there are some things of necessity to be commended. and as thy will doth lean unto the one, so thy wit would also embrace the other. Alas, Euphues, by how much the more I love the high climbing of thy capacity, by so much the more I fear thy fall. The fine crystal is sooner grazed than the hard marble : the greenest beech burneth faster than the driest oak the fairest silk is soonest soiled : and the sweetest wine turneth to the sharpest vinegar. The pestilence doth most rifest infect the clearest complexions, and the caterpillar cleaveth unto the ripest fruit : the most delicate wit is allured with small enticement unto vice, and most subject to yield unto vanity. If therefore thou do but hearken to the Sirens, thou wilt be enamoured : if thou haunt their houses and places thou shalt be enchanted. One drop of poison infecteth the whole tun of wine : one leaf of Colloquintida marreth and spoileth the whole pot of porridge : one iron mole defaceth the whole piece of lawn. Descend into thine own conscience and consider with thy self, the great difference between staring and stark blind, wit and wisdom, love and lust : be merry, but with modesty . be sober, but not too sullen . be valiant, but not too venturous. Let thy attire be comely, but not costly : thy diet wholesome, but not excessive : use pastime, as the word importeth, to passe the time in honest recreation. Mistrust no man without cause, neither be thou credulous without proof : be not light to follow every man's opinion, nor obstinate to stand in thine own conceit. Serve God, love God, fear God, and God will so bless thee, as either thy heart can wish, or thy friends desire. And so I end my counsel, beseeching thee to begin to follow it.

## SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

1554-1586

PHILIP SIDNEY was born in 1554, the eldest son of Sir Henry and Lady Mary Sidney. He was educated at Shrewsbury School and Christ's College, Oxford, and in 1572 set out for a tour through Europe. By 1575 he was again in England, and the next ten years were spent in constant attendance on the Queen. For her entertainment he composed a pretty masque, *The Lady of the May*. In 1579, during a period of enforced absence from court he wrote his *Apology for Poetry*, and the *Arcadia*. It was probably between 1580 and 1583, when he married Frances Walsingham, that he composed the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets. In 1586 he accompanied his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, in an expedition to the Low Countries, and was mortally wounded in the siege of Zutphen.

### A DIRGE

Ring out your bells, let mourning shows be spread  
For Love is dead  
All Love is dead, infected  
With plague of deep disdain  
Worth, as nought worth rejected,  
And Faith fair scorn doth gain  
From so ungrateful fancy,  
From such a female frenzy,  
From them that use men thus,  
Good Lord, deliver us.

Weep, neighbours, weep, do you not hear it said,  
That Love is dead ?

His death bed peacock's folly,  
His winding sheet is shame,  
His will false seeming holy  
His sole executor blame.

From so ungrateful fancy, etc.

Let dirge be sung and trentals rightly read,  
For Love is dead .

Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth  
My mistress' marble-heart,  
Which epitaph containeth,  
“ Her eyes were once his dart.”

From so ungrateful fancy, etc.

Alas I lie , rage hath this error bred ;  
Love is not dead,

Love is not dead, but sleepeth  
In her unmatched mind ,  
Where she his counsel keepeth,  
Till due deserts she find,  
Therefore from so vile fancy,  
To call such wit a frenzy,  
Who Love can temper thus  
Good Lord, deliver us.

### “ LEAVE ME, O LOVE ”

Leave me, O Love, which reachest but to dust ;  
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things  
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust :  
What ever fades, but fading pleasure brings.

Draw in thy beams and humble all thy might  
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be :  
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth the light,  
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.

O take fast hold, let that light be thy guide,  
 In this small course which birth draws out to  
     death,  
 And think how evil becometh him to slide,  
 Who seeketh heaven, and comés of heavenly  
     breath :  
 Then farewell, world, thy uttermost I see,  
 Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

## SONNETS

*From "ASTROPHEL AND STELLA"*

## I

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to shew  
 That she (dear she) might take some pleasure of  
     my pain  
 Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make  
     her know,  
 Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain—  
 I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,  
 Studying inventions fine, her wit to entertain,  
 Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would  
     flow  
 Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sun-  
     burned brain :  
 But words came halting forth, wanting invention's  
     stay .  
 Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's  
     blows,  
 And others' feet still seemed but stranger in my way.  
 Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my  
     throes,  
 Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite ;  
 Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart, and  
     write.

## II

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies,

How silently, and with how wan a face !

What, may it be that even in heavenly place,  
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries ?

Sure if that long-with-Love acquainted eyes  
Can judge of Love, thou feel'st a lover's case,  
I read it in thy looks ; thy languished grace  
To me that feel the like, thy state descries.

Then, ev'n of fellowship, O Moon, tell me  
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit ?  
Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?

Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
Those lovers scorn whom that Love doth possess ?  
Do they call Virtue there, ungratefulness ?

## III

Come Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,  
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,  
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
The indifferent judge between the high and low ;

With shield of proof shield me from out the prease  
Of those fierce darts, despair at me doth throw,  
Oh make in me those civil wars to cease ;  
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,  
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light  
A rosy garland, and a weary head .

And if these things, as being thine by right,  
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,  
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.

## IV

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance,  
Guided so well, that I obtained the prize,  
Both by the judgment of the English eyes,  
And of some sent from that sweet-enemy France;

Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance,  
Town-folks my strength, a daintier judge applies  
His praise to sleight, which from good use doth rise;  
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance.

Others because, of both sides I do take  
My blood from them, who did excel in this,  
Think Nature me a man at arms did make.

How far they shot awry! the true cause is,  
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face  
Sent forth the beams, which made so fair my race.

## THE POET AS PROPHET AND CREATOR

*From "AN APOLOGY FOR POETRY"*

But since the authors of most of our sciences were the Romans, and before them the Greeks, let us a little stand upon their authorities, but even so far as to see what names they have given unto this now scorned skill. Among the Romans a poet was called *vates*, which is as much as a diviner, foreseer, or prophet, as by his conjoined woids, *vaticinium* and *vaticinari*, is manifest; so heavenly a title did that excellent people besiow upon this heart-ravishing knowledge. And so far were they carried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the chancable hitting upon such verses great foretokens of their following fortunes were placed, whereupon giew the wold of *Sortes Virgilianæ*, when by sudden opening Virgil's book they

lighted upon some verse of his making. Whereof the histories of the emperors' lives are full ; as of Albinus, the governor of our island, who in his childhood met with this verse,

*Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis,*

and in his age performed it. Although it were a very vain and godless superstition, as also it was to think that spirits were commanded by such verses—whereupon the word charms, derived of *carmina* cometh—so yet serveth it to show the great reverence those wits were held in, and altogether not without ground, since both the oracles of Delphos and Sibylla's prophecies were wholly delivered in verses ; for that same exquisite observing of number and measure in words, and that high-flying liberty of conceit proper to the poet, did seem to have some divine force in it.

And may I not presume a little further to show the reasonableness of the word *vates*, and say that the holy David's Psalms are a divine poem ? If I do, I shall not do it without the testimony of great learned men, both ancient and modern. But even the name of Psalms will speak for me, which, being interpreted, is nothing but songs ; then, that it is fully written in metre, as all learned Hebricians agree, although the rules be not yet fully found , lastly, and principally, his handling his prophecy, which is merely poetical. For what else is the awaking his musical instruments, the often and free changing of persons, his notable piosopopceias, when he maketh you, as it were, see God coming in His majesty, his telling of the beasts' joyfulness and hills' leaping, but a heavenly poesy, wherein almost he showeth himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and

everlasting beauty to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith? But truly now having named him, I fear I seem to profane that holy name, applying it to poetry, which is among us thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that with quiet judgments will look a little deeper into it, shall find the end and working of it such as, being rightly applied, deserveth not to be scourged out of the church of God.

But now let us see how the Greeks named it and how they deemed of it. The Greeks called him *ποιητὴν*, which name hath, as the most excellent, gone through other languages. It cometh of this word *ποιεῖν*, which is "to make", wherein I know not whether by luck or wisdom we Englishmen have met with the Greeks in calling him a maker. Which name how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were known by marking the scope of other sciences than by any partial allegation. There is no art delivered unto mankind that hath not the works of nature for his principal object, without which they could not consist, and on which they so depend as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will have set forth. So doth the astronomers look upon the stars, and, by that he seeth, set down what order nature hath taken therein. So do the geometrician and arithmetician in their divers sorts of quantities. So doth the musician in times tell you which by nature agree, which not. The natural philosopher thereon hath his name, and the moral philosopher standeth upon the natural virtues, vices, and passions of man; and "follow nature," saith he, "therein, and thou shalt not err." The lawyer saith what men have determined, the historian, what men have done. The grammarian speaketh only of the rules of

speech, and the rhetorician and logician, considering what in nature will soonest prove and persuade, thereon give artificial rules, which still are compassed within the circle of a question, according to the proposed matter. The physician weigheth the nature of a man's body, and the nature of things helpful or hurtful unto it. And the metaphysician, though it be in the second and abstract notions, and therefore be counted supernatural, yet doth he, indeed, build upon the depth of nature.

Only the poet, disdaining to be tied to any such subjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, into another nature, in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or, quite anew, forms such as never were in nature, as the heroes, demi-gods, cyclops, chimeras, furies, and such like ; so as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done ; neither with pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make t.<sup>h</sup>e too-much-loved earth more lovely ; her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden.

But let those things alone, and go to man—for whom as the other things are, so it seemeth in him her uttermost cunning is employed—and know whether she hath brought forth so true a lover as Theagenes, so constant a friend as Pylades ; so valiant a man as Orlando ; so right a prince as Xenophon's Cyrus, so excellent a man every way as Virgil's Æneas ? Neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the works of the one be essential, the other in imitation or fiction ; for any understanding knoweth the skill

of each artificer standeth in that idea, or fore conceit of the work, and not in the work itself. And that the poet hath that idea is manifest, by delivering them forth in such excellency as he hath imagined them. Which delivering forth, also, is not wholly imaginative, as we are wont to say by them that build castles in the air, but so far substantially it worketh, not only to make a Cyrus, which had been but a particular excellency, as nature might have done, but to bestow a Cyrus upon the world to make many Cyruses, if they will learn aright, why and how that maker made him. Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison to balance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature; but rather give right honour to the Heavenly Maker of that maker, who, having made man to His own likeness, set him beyond and over all the works of that second nature. Which in nothing he sheweth so much as in poetry, when with the force of a divine breath he bringeth things forth far surpassing her doings, with no small argument to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of Adam—since our erected wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it. But these arguments will by few be understood, and by fewer granted, thus much I hope will be given me, that the Greeks with some probability of reason gave him the name above all names of learning.

## THOMAS LODGE

1558 (?)–1625

THOMAS LODGE was the son of a Lord Mayor of London, and became a student at Oxford and Lincoln's Inn. He seems to have fallen into loose ways, joined the army, and helped in an expedition to the Canaries against the Spaniards. It was on this voyage that he wrote his charming romance, *Rosalynde Euphues Golden Legacie*, which was the immediate source of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. He wrote several other romances, as well as two plays, while a volume of miscellaneous verse, called *Phillis*, appeared in 1593. About 1596 he became a physician, and practised in London, especially among Roman Catholic families. He died in 1625, of the plague.

### THE WRESTLING

*From "ROSALYNDE"*

The next morrow was the day of the tournament, and Rosader was so desirous to shew his heroic thoughts that he passed the night with little sleep; but as soon as Phoebus had veiled the curtain of the night, and made Aurora blush with giving her the *bezoles labres* in her silver couch, he gat him up, and taking his leave of his brother, mounted himself towards the place appointed, thinking every mile ten leagues till he came there. But leaving him so desirous of the journey, to Tous-

mond the King of France, who having by force banished Gerismond their lawful king that lived as an outlaw in the forest of Arden, sought now by all means to keep the French busied with all sports that might breed their content. Amongst the rest he had appointed this solemn tournament, whereunto he in the most solemn manner resorted, accompanied with the twelve peers of France, who, rather for fear than love, graced him with the shew of their dutiful favours. To feed their eyes, and to make the beholders pleased with the sight of most rare and glistring objects, he had appointed his own daughter Alinda to be there, and the fair Rosalynde, daughter unto Gerismonde, with all the beautiful demoiselles that were famous for their features in all France.

Thus in that place did love and war triumph in sympathy; for such as were martial might use their lance to be renowned for the excellency of their chvalry, and such as were amorous might glut themselves with gazing on the beauties of most heavenly creatures. As every man's eye had his several survey, and fancy was partial in their looks, yet all in general applauded the admirable riches that nature bestowed on the face of Rosalynde; for upon her cheeks there seemed a battle between the graces, who should bestow most favours to make her excellcnt. The blush that gloried Luna, when she kissed the shepherd on the hills of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the vermillion flourished on the silver hue of Rosalynde's countenance: her eyes were like those lamps that make the wealthy covert of the heavens more gorgeous, sparkling favour and disdain, courteous and yet coy, as it in them Venus had placed all hei aniorets, and Diana all her chastity. The tramels of her hair,

folded in a cowl of gold, so far surpassed the burnished glister of the metal as the sun doth the meanest star in brightness : the tresses that fold in the brows of Apollo were not half so rich to the sight, for in her hairs it seemed love had laid herself in ambush, to entrap the proudest eye that durst gaze upon their excellence. What should I need to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all she was the paragon of all earthly perfection ? This Rosalynde sat, I say, with Alinda as a beholder of these sports, and made the cavaliers crack their lances with more courage : many deeds of knighthood that day were performed and many prizes were given according to their several deserts. At last when the tournament ceased, the wrestling began, and the Norman presented himself as a challenger against all-comers, but he looked like Hercules when he advanced himself against Achelous, so that the fury of his countenance amazed all that durst attempt to encounter with him in any deed of activity : till at last a lusty Franklin of the country came with two tall men, that were his sons, of good lineaments and comely personage : the eldest of these doing his obeisance to the king entered the list, and presented himself to the Norman, who straight coped with him, and as a man who would triumph in the glory of his strength, roused himself with such fury, that not only he gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage , which the younger brother seeing, leapt presently into the place, and thursty after the revenge, assailed the Norman with such valour, that at the first encounter he brought him to his knees which repulsed so the Norman, that recovering himself, fear of disgrace doubling his strength, he stepped

so sternly to the young Franklin, that taking him up in his arms he threw him against the ground so violently that he broke his neck, and so ended his days with his brother. At this unlooked-for massacre the people murmured, and all were in a deep passion of pity; but the Franklin, father unto these, never changed his countenance, but as a man of a courageous resolution took up the bodies of his sons without shew of outward discontent.

All the while stood Rosader and saw this tragedy, who, noting the undoubted virtue of the Franklin's mind, alighted off from his horse, and presently sat down on the grass, and commanded his boy to pull off his boots, making him ready to try the strength of his champion. Being furnished as he would, he clapped the Franklin on the shoulder and said thus. "Bold Yeoman, whose sons have ended the term of their years with honour, for that I see thou scornest fortune with patience, and thwartest the injury of fate with content in brooking the death of thy sons, stand awhile, and either see me make a third in their tragedy, or else revenge their fall with an honourable triumph. The Franklin, seeing so goodly a gentleman to give him such courteous comfort, gave him hearty thanks, with promise to pray for his happy success. With that Rosader vailed bonnet to the king, and lightly leaped within the lists, where noting more the company than the combatant, he cast his eye upon the troop of ladies that glistered there like the stars of heaven; but at last Love, willing to make him as amorous as he was valiant, presented him with the sight of Rosalynde, that forgetting himself, he stood and fed his looks on the favour of Rosalynde's face; which she, perceiving, blushed, which was such a

doubling of her beauteous excellence, that the bashful red of Aurora at the sight of unacquainted Phaeton, was not half so glorious.

The Norman, seeing him fettered in the looks of the ladies, drove him out of his memento with a shake by the shoulder. Rosader looking back with an angry frown as if he had been wakened from some pleasant dream, discovered to all by the fury of his countenance that he was a man of some high thoughts : but when they all noted his youth, and the sweetness of his visage, with a general applause of favours, they grieved that so goodly a young man should venture in so base an action ; but seeing it were to his dishonour to hinder him from his enterprise, they wished him to be graced with the palm of victory. After Rosader was thus called out of his memento by the Norman, he roughly clapped to him with so fierce an encounter, that they both fell to the ground, and with the violence of the fall were forced to breathe ; in which space the Norman called to mind by all tokens, that this was he whom Saladin had appointed him to kill ; which conjecture made him stretch every limb, and try every sinew, that working his death he might recover the gold which so bountifully was promised him. On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but still cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to encourage him with a favour, lent him such an amorous look, as might have made the most coward desperate. which glance of Rosalynde so fired the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman he ran upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to mind the beauty of his new mistress,

the fame of his father's honours, and the disgrace that should fall to his house by his misfortune, roused himself, and threw the Norman against the ground, falling upon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yielded nature her due, and Rosader the victory.

The death of this champion, as it highly contented the Franklin, as a man satisfied with revenge, so it drew the king and all the peers into a great admiration, that so young years and so beautiful a personage should contain such martial excellence; but when they knew him to be the youngest son of Sir John of Bordeaux, the king rose from his seat and embraced him, and the peers intreated him with all favourable courtesy, commanding both his valour and his virtues, wishing him to go forward in such haughty deeds, that he might attain to the glory of his father's honourable fortunes.

As the king and lords graced him with embracing, so the ladies favoured him with their looks, especially Rosalynde, whom the beauty and valour of Rosader had already touched. but she accounted love a toy, and fancy a momentary passion, that as it was taken in with a gaze, might be shaken off with a wink, and therefore feared not to dally in the flame; and to make Rosader know she affected him, took from her neck a jewel, and sent it by a page to the young gentleman. The prize that Venus gave to Paris was not half so pleasing to the Trojan as this gem was to Rosader; for if fortune had sworn to make himself sole monarch of the world, he would rather have refused such dignity, than have lost the jewel sent him by Rosalynde. To return her with the like he was unfurnished, and yet that he might more than in his looks discover his

affections, he stepped into a tent, and taking pen and paper writ this fancy.

. . . . .

This sonnet he sent to Rosalynde, which when she read she blushed, but with a sweet content in that she perceived love had allotted her so amorous a servant.

### ROSALYNDE'S MADRIGAL

Love in my bosom, like a bee,  
Doth suck his sweet :  
Now with his wings he plays with me,  
Now with his feet.  
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
His bed amidst my tender breast ;  
My kisses are his daily feast,  
And yet he robs me of my rest :  
Ah ! wanton, will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he  
With pretty flight,  
And makes his pillow of my knee  
The livelong night.  
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;  
His music plays if so I sing ;  
He lends me every lovely thing,  
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :  
Whist, wanton, still ye !

Else I with roses every day  
Will whip you hence,  
And bind you, when you long to play,  
For your offence.  
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in ;

I'll make you fast it for your sin ;  
I'll count your power not worth a pin.  
Alas ! what hereby shall I win,  
If he gainsay me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy  
With many a rod ?  
He will repay me with annoy,  
Because a god.  
Then sit thou safely on my knee ;  
Then let thy bower my bosom be ;  
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee ;  
O Cupid, so thou pity me,  
Spare not, but play thee !

## GEORGE CHAPMAN

1559 (?)–1634

GEORGE CHAPMAN was born near Hitchin about the year 1559. He was educated at one of the Universities, and possibly at both, and in 1594 published his first book, *The Shadow of Night: Containing Two Poeticall Hymnes*. In 1598 appeared the second edition of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, with Chapman's completion. He had already begun to write for the stage, but he was less successful as a dramatist than as a translator, and his fame rests on his noble translation of Homer's *Iliad* (1598, 1609, 1611) and *Odyssey* (1614). He died in London in 1634.

### ODYSSEUS REACHES PHÆACIA

*From Chapman's Translation of the  
"Odyssey"*

Two nights yet, and days  
He spent in wrestling with the sable seas ;  
In which space, often did his heart propose  
Death to his eyes. But when Aurora rose,  
And threw the third light from her orient hair,  
The winds grew calm, and clear was all the air,  
Not one breath stirring. Then he might descry,  
Rais'd by the high seas, clear, the land was high.  
And then, look how to good sons that esteem  
Their father's life dear (after pains extreme,

Felt in some sickness, that hath held him long  
Down to his bed, and with affections strong  
Wasted his body, made his life his load,  
As being inflicted by some angry God)  
When on their prayers they see descend at length  
Health from the heavens, clad all in spirit and  
strength,

The sight is precious ; so, since here should end  
Ulysses' toils, which therein should extend  
Health to his country, held to him his sire,  
And on which long for him Disease did tire,  
And then, besides, for his own sake to see  
The shores, the woods so near, such joy had he,  
As those good sons for their recovered sire.  
Then laboured feet and all parts to aspire  
To that wish'd continent ; which when as near  
He came, as Clamour might inform an ear,  
He heard a sound beat from the sea-bred rocks,  
Against which gave a huge sea horrid shocks,  
That belcht upon the firm lands weeds and foam  
With which were all things hid there, where no room  
Of fit capacity was for any port,  
Nor from the sea for any man's resort.

The shores, the rocks, the cliffs, so prominent were.  
"O," said Ulysses then, " now Jupiter  
Hath given me sight of an unhop'd for shore,  
Though I have wrought these seas so long, so sore.  
Of rest yet no place shows the slendrest prints  
The rugged shore so bristled is with flints,  
Against which every way the waves so flock,  
And all the shore shows as one eminent rock,  
So near which 'tis so deep, that not a sand  
Is there for any tired foot to stand,  
Nor fly his death-fast following miseries,  
Lest, if he land, upon him foreright flies  
A churlish wave, to crush him 'gainst a cliff,  
Worse than vain rendering all his landing strife

And should I swim to seek a haven elsewhere,  
Or land less way-beat, I may justly fear  
I shall be taken with a gale again,  
And cast a huge way off into the main ;  
And there the great Earth-shaker (having seen  
My so near landing, and again his spleen  
Forcing me to him) will some whale send out,  
(Of which a horrid number here about  
His Amphitrite breeds) to swallow me.  
I well have proved, with what malignity  
He treads my steps." While this discourse he held,  
A curst surge 'gainst a cutting rock impell'd  
His naked body, which it gash'd and tore,  
And had his bones broke, if but one sea more  
Had cast him on it. But She prompted him,  
That never failed, and bade him no more swim  
Still off and on, but boldly force the shore,  
And hug the rock that him so rudely tore ;  
Which he with both hands sighed and claspt till  
past

The billows' rage was ; when 'scap'd, back so fast  
The rock repulst it, that it reft his hold,  
Sucking him from it, and far back he roll'd.  
And as the polypus that (forc'd from home  
Amidst the soft sea, and near rough land come  
For shelter 'gainst the storms that beat on her  
At open sea, as she abroad doth err)  
A deal of gravel, and sharp little stones  
Needfully gathers in her hollow bones ;  
So he forced hither by the sharper ill,  
Shunning the smoother, where he best hoped, still  
The worst succeeded ; for the cruel friend,  
To which he clinged for succour, off did rend  
From his broad hands the soaken flesh so sore,  
That off he fell, and could sustain no more.  
Quite under water fell he ; and, past fate,  
Hapless Ulysses there had lost the state

He held in life, if, still the grey-eyed Maid  
His wisdom prompting, he had not assayed  
Another course, and ceased t'attempt that shore,  
Swimming, and casting round his eye t'explore  
Some other shelter. Then the mouth he found  
Of fair Callicoe's flood, whose shores were crowned  
With most apt succours; rocks so smooth they  
seemed

Polished of purpose; land that quite redeemed,  
With breathless coverts th' others' blasted shores.  
The flood he knew, and thus in heart implores  
"King of this river, hear! Whatever name  
Makes thee invokt, to thee I humbly frame  
My flight from Neptune's furies. Reverend is  
To all the ever-living Deities  
What erring man soever seeks their aid;  
To thy both flood and knees a man dismayed  
With varied sufferance sues. Yield then some rest  
To him that is thy suppliant profest."  
This, though but spoke in thought, the Godhead  
heard,  
Her current straight stayed, and her thick waves  
cleared  
Before him, smoothed her waters, and, just where  
He prayed half-drowned, entirely saved him there.

## SIR FRANCIS BACON

1561-1626

FRANCIS BACON was born in 1561, the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Seal, and nephew of Lord Burleigh, Elizabeth's chief minister. After leaving Cambridge he threw himself into political life, and in 1584 entered Parliament. In 1597 he published the first edition of his *Essays*, then only ten in number, which were reissued with additions in 1612 and 1625. In the disputes between James I and Parliament Bacon threw all his weight on the side of the king, and in reward, James, after knighting him, appointed him successively King's Counsel, Solicitor-General, and Attorney-General. On the disgrace of Coke in 1617 Bacon became Lord Keeper; in 1618 he was made Lord Chancellor and Baron Verulam; and in 1620 received the title of Viscount St. Albans. The following year, however, he was impeached by Parliament for taking bribes, found guilty, and compelled to retire into private life.

*The Advancement of Learning* had been published in English in 1605, and in 1620 he issued in Latin his *Novum Organum, or New Method*, which was intended to show that the only way of extending the boundaries of knowledge was by the inductive method. A Latin version of *The Advancement of Learning* appeared in 1622, and the same year there was published in English Bacon's

*Reign of King Henry VII*, one of the most valuable authorities for that period. He died in 1626, and among his papers was found part of a Latin romance, called *The New Atlantis*.

## OF STUDIES

*From the "ESSAYS"*

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in private-ness and retiring ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one ; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament is affection ; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature and are perfected by experience ; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study : and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by ex-perience. Crafty men contemn studies ; simple men admire them, and wise men use them ; for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observa-tion.

Read not to contradict and confute ; nor to believe and take for granted ; nor to find talk and discourse ; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. That is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others to be read, but not curiously ; and some few to be

read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others. But that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man ; conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory ; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit, and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise ; poets, witty ; the mathematics, subtle ; natural philosophy, deep ; moral, grave ; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores.* Nay, there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies : like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins ; shooting for the lungs and breast ; gentle walking for the stomach ; riding for the head ; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the schoolmen, for they are *cymini sectores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

## THE CONTINUANCE OF LEARNING

*From "THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING"*

## Book I

Lastly, leaving the vulgar argument that by learning man excelleth man in that wherein man excelleth beasts, that by learning man ascendeth to the heavens and their motions, where in body he cannot come; and the like; let us conclude with the dignity and excellency of knowledge and learning in that whereunto man's nature doth most aspire, which is immortality or continuance; for to this tendeth generation, and raising of houses and families; to this tend buildings, foundations, monuments; to this tendeth the desire of memory, fame, and celebration; and in effect the strength of all other human desires. We see then how far the monuments of wit and learning are more durable than the monuments of power or of the hands. For have not the verses of Homer continued twenty-five hundred years, or more, without the loss of a syllable or letter; during which time infinite palaces, temples, castles, cities have been decayed and demolished? It is not possible to have the true pictures or statues of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years; for the originals cannot last, and the copies cannot but leese of the life and truth. But the images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation. Neither are they fitly to be called images, because they generate still, and cast their seeds in the minds of others, provoking and causing infinite actions and opinions in succeeding ages. So that if the in-

vention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant to participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other? Nay, further, we see some of the philosophers which were least divine and most immersed in the senses, and denied generally the immortality of the soul, yet came to this point, that whatsoever motions the spirit of man could act and perform without the organs of the body, they thought might remain after death, which were only those of the understanding, and not of the affection; so immortal and incorruptible a thing did knowledge seem unto them to be. But we, that know by divine revelation, that not only the understanding, but the affections purified; not only the spirit, but the body changed, shall be advanced to immortality, do disclaim in these rudiments of the senses. But it must be remembered, both in this last point, and so it may likewise be needful in other places, that in probation of the dignity of knowledge or learning, I did in the beginning separate divine testimony from human, which method I have pursued, and so handled them both apart.

## SELF CULTURE

*From "THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING"*

## Book II

But there is a kind of culture of the mind that seemeth yet more accurate and elaborate than the rest, and is built upon this ground; that the minds

of all men are at some times in a state more perfect, and at other times in a state more depraved. The purpose, therefore, of this practice is to fix and cherish the good hours of the mind, and to obliterate and take forth the evil. The fixing of the good hath been practised by two means: vows or constant resolutions, and observances or exercises, which are not to be regarded so much in themselves as because they keep the mind in continual obedience. The obliteration of the evil hath been practised by two means · some kind of redemption or expiation of that which is past, and an inception, or account *de novo*, for the time to come. But this part seemeth sacred and religious, and justly; for all good moral philosophy (as was said) is but an handmaid to religion.

Wherefore we will conclude with that last point, which is of all other means the most compendious and summary, and again, the most noble and effectual to the reducing of the mind unto virtue and good estate; which is, the electing and propounding unto a man's self good and virtuous ends of his life, such as may be in a reasonable sort within his compass to attain. For if these two things be supposed, that a man set before him honest and good ends, and again, that he be resolute, constant, and true unto them; it will follow that he shall mould himself into all virtue at once. And this indeed is like the work of nature; whereas the other course is like the work of the hand. For as when a carver makes an image, he shapes only that part whereupon he worketh; as if he be upon the face, that part which shall be the body is but a rude stone still, till such times as he comes to it. But contrariwise when nature makes a flower or living creature she formeth rudiments of all the parts at one time. So in obtaining virtue

by habit, while a man practiseth temperance, he doth not profit much to fortitude nor the like ; but when he dedicateth and applieth himself to good ends, look, what virtue soever the pursuit and passage towards those ends doth commend unto him, he is invested of a precedent disposition to conform himself thereunto. Which state of mind Aristotle doth excellently express himself, that it ought not to be called virtuous, but divine. His words are these : *Immanitati autem consentaneum est opponere eam, quæ supra humanitatem est, heroicam svri divinam virtutem* ; and a little after, *Nam ut ferae neque vitium neque virtus est, sic neque Dei ; sed hic quidem status altius quiddam virtute est, ille aliud quiddam a virtu*. And therefore we may see what celsitude of honour Plinius Secundus attributeth to Trajan in his funeral oration, where he said, “ That men needed to make no other prayers to the gods, but that they would continue as good lords to them as Trajan had been ” ; as if he had not been only an imitation of divine nature, but a pattern of it. But these be heathen and profane passages, having but a shadow of that divine state of mind, which religion and the holy faith doth conduct men unto, by imprinting upon their souls charity, which is excellently called the bond of perfection, because it comprehendeth and fasteneth all virtues together. And as it is elegantly said by Menander of vain love, which is but a false imitation of divine love, *Amor melior Sophista lœvo ad humanum vitam*—that love teacheth a man to carry himself better than the sophist or preceptor, which he calleth left-handed, because with all his rules and perceptions, he cannot form a man so dexterously nor with that facility to prize himself and govern himself, as love can do, so certainly, if a man’s mind be truly

inflamed with charity, it doth work him suddenly into greater perfection than all the doctrine of morality can do, which is but a sophist in comparison of the other. Nay, further, as Xenophon observed truly, that all other affections though they raise the mind, yet they do it by distorting and uncomeliness of ecstasies or excesses ; but only love doth exalt the mind, and nevertheless at the same instant doth settle and compose it : so in all other excellences though they advance nature, yet they are subject to excess. Only charity admitteth no excess.

#### A MESSENGER FROM BEN SALEM

*From "THE NEW ATLANTIS"*

About three hours after we had despatched our answer, there came towards us a person, as it seemed, of place. He had on him a gown with wide sleeves, of a kind of water-chamlet, of an excellent azure colour, far more glossy than ours ; his underapparel was green, and so was his hat, being in the form of a turban, daintily made, and not so huge as the Turkish turbans ; and the locks of his hair came down below the brims of it. A reverend man was he to behold. He came in a boat, gilt in some part of it, with four persons more only in the boat, and was followed by another boat, wherein were some twenty. When he was come within a flight-shot of our ship, signs were made to us that we should send forth some to meet him upon the water, which we presently did in our ship's boat, sending the principal man amongst us, save one, and four of our number with him. When we were come within six yards of their boat they called to us to stay and not to approach further,

which we did. And thereupon the man whom I before described stood up, and with a loud voice in Spanish asked, "Are ye Christians?" We answered, "We were." . . . At which answer the said person lifted up his right hand towards heaven and drew it softly to his mouth, which is the gesture they use when they thank God, and then said, "If you will swear, all of you, by the merits of the Saviour, that ye are no pirates, nor have shed blood, lawfully or unlawfully, within forty days past, you may have license to come on land." We said, "We were all ready to take that oath." Whereupon one of those that were with him, being, as it seemed, a notary, made an entry of this act. Which done, another of the attendants of the great person, who was with him in the same boat, after his lord had spoken a little to him, said aloud, "My lord would have you know that it is not of pride or greatness that he cometh not aboard your ship; but for that in your answer you declare that you have many sick amongst you, he was warned by the conservator of health of the city that he should keep at a distance." We bowed ourselves towards him, and answered, "We were his humble servants, and accounted for great honour and singular humanity towards us that which was already done; but hoped well that the nature of the sickness of our men was not infectious." So he returned; and awhile after came the notary to us aboard our ship, holding in his hand a fruit of that country, like an orange, but of a colour between orange tawny and scarlet, which casts a most excellent odour: he used it, as it seemeth, for a preservative against infection. He gave us our oath, "By the name of Jesus and His merits," and after told us that the next day, by six o'clock

in the morning, we should be sent to and brought to the Strangers' House, as he called it, where we should be accommodated of things both for our whole and for our sick. So he left us ; and when we offered him some pistolets, he, smiling, said, " He must not be twice paid for one labour " ; meaning, as I take it, that he had salary sufficient of the State for his service ; for, as I after learned, they call an officer that taketh rewards " twice paid."

## SAMUEL DANIEL

1562-1619

SAMUEL DANIEL was born near Taunton in 1562, the son of a music master. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards probably entered the service of Lord Stafford, ambassador to France. He seems also to have visited Italy. Soon after 1590 he became tutor to William Herbert, nephew of Sir Philip Sidney, and afterwards Earl of Pembroke, and in 1592 he published *Delia, Containing [50] Sonnets*. In 1593 his tragedy, *Cleopatra*, was entered on the Stationers' Register. His next book was the *First Four Books of the Civil Wars between the Two Houses of York and Lancaster* (1594), and five years later appeared *Musophilus; or a General Defence of Learning*. In 1605 a second tragedy, *Philotas*, saw the light, and in 1609 he issued a new edition of the *Civil Wars*, extended to eight books. After 1603 he, like other poets of the time, composed several masques for the entertainment of the Court. In his old age he retired to Beckington, in Wiltshire, where he died in 1619.

### TO THE LADY MARGARET

COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND

He that of such a height hath built his mind,  
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,  
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame  
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind

Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong  
 His settled peace, or to disturb the same :  
 What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may  
 The boundless wastes and wealds of man survey ?

And with how free an eye doth he look down  
 Upon these lower regions of turmoil ?  
 Where all the storms of passions mainly beat  
 On flesh and blood : where honour, power, re-  
 nown,  
 Are only gay afflictions, golden toil ;  
 Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,  
 As frailty doth ; and only great doth seem  
 To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars  
 But only as on stately robberies ;  
 Where evermore the fortune that prevails  
 Must be the right : the ill-succeeding mars  
 The fairest and the best fac'd enterprise.  
 Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails :  
 Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still  
 Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold  
 As are the passions of uncertain man ;  
 Who puts it in all colours, all attires,  
 To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.  
 He sees, that let deceit work what it can,  
 Plot and contrive base ways to high desires ;  
 That the all-guiding Providence doth yet  
 All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks  
 Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow  
 Of Pow'r, that proudly sits on others' crimes :  
 Charg'd with more crying sins than those he checks.

The storms of sad confusion, that may grow  
Up in the present for the coming times,  
Appal not him, that hath no side at all,  
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near ally'd to earth)  
Cannot but pity the perplexed state  
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,  
That thus make way unto the ugly birth  
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget  
Affliction upon imbecility :  
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,  
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,  
And is encompass'd ; whilst as craft deceives,  
And is deceiv'd . whilst man doth ransack man,  
And builds on blood, and rises by distress ;  
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves  
To great-expecting hopes : he looks thereon,  
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,  
And bears no venture in impiety.

## SONNETS

*From " DELIA "*

## I

Let others sing of knights and paladines  
In aged accents and untimely words,  
Paint shadows in imaginary lines  
Which well the reach of their high wits records :

But I must sing of thee, and those fair eyes  
Authentic shall my verse in time to come,  
When yet th' unborn shall say, Lo ! where she lies !  
Whose beauty made him speak, that else was  
dumb !

These are the arcs, the trophies I erect,  
That fortify thy name against old age ;  
And these thy sacred virtues must protect  
Against the dark and time's consuming rage.

Though th' error of my youth in them appear  
Suffice, they show I lived and loved thee dear.

## II

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,  
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born ;  
Relieve my languish, and restore the light ;  
With dark forgetting of my care, return.

And let the day be time enough to mourn  
The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth :  
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn  
Without the torment of the night's untruth.

Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,  
To model forth the passions of the morrow ;  
Never let rising Sun approve you liars,  
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain ;  
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

## MICHAEL DRAYTON

1563 (?)–1631

MICHAEL DRAYTON was born about 1563 at Harts-hill, near Atherton, in Warwickshire, and is supposed to have been brought up in the household of Sir Henry Goodere, of Polesworth. His first work was a set of pastorals called *Idea: The Shepherd's Garland fashioned in Nine Eclogues* (1593). These were followed in 1594 by some sonnets entitled *Idea's Mirror*. His first long poem, *Mortimeriados, or the Barons' Wars*, was published in 1596, and next year came some more historical poems, *England's Heroical Epistles*. In 1605 a volume of miscellaneous poems appeared under the title of *Poems, Lyrics and Pastoral Odes and Eclogues*; and 1613 he brought out the first eighteen books of his monumental work, the *Polyolbion*. In 1619 he collected into a small folio all the poems he wished to preserve; in 1621 were published the remaining books of the *Polyolbion*; in 1627 a fresh volume of miscellaneous verse appeared, and in 1630 his swan-song, *The Muses' Elysium*. He died in 1631, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer and Spenser.

## ARDEN

*From "POLYOLBION." SONG XIII*

Upon the midlands now th' industrious Muse doth  
fall ;  
That shire which we the heart of England well may  
call,  
As she herself extends (the midst which is decreed)  
Betwixt Saint Michael's mount, and Barwick-  
bord'ring Tweed,  
Brave Warwick ; that abroad so long advanc'd  
her bear,  
By her illustrious earls renowned every where ;  
Above her neighbouring shires which always bore  
her head.

My native country then, which so brave spirits  
hast bred,  
If there be virtue yet remaining in thy earth,  
Or any good of thine thou bred'st into my birth,  
Accept it as thine own, whilst now I sing of thee ;  
Of all thy later brood th' unworthiest though I be.

Muse, first of Arden tell, whose footsteps yet are  
found  
In her rough woodlands more than any other  
ground,  
That mighty Arden held even in her hight of  
pride ;  
Her one hand touching Trent, the other, Severn's  
side.

The very sound of these, the wood-nymphs doth  
awake :  
When thus of her own self the ancient forest spake ;  
" My many goodly sites when first I came to  
show,  
Here opened I the way to mine own overthrow :

For when the world found out the fitness of my soil,  
The gripple wretch began immediately to spoil  
My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds  
enclose .

By which, in little time my bounds I came to lose.

“ When Britain first her fields with villages had  
fill’d,

Her people waxing still, and wanting where to  
build,

They oft dislodg’d the hart, and set their houses,  
where

He in the broom and brakes had long time made  
his leyre.

Of all the forests here within this mighty isle,  
If those old Britons then me sovereign did instile,  
I needs must be the great’st ; for greatness ’tis  
alone

That gives our kind the place . else were there  
many a one

For pleasantness of shade that far doth me excel.  
But of our forest’s kind the quality to tell,  
We equally partake with woodland as with plain,  
Alike with hill and dale ; and every day maintain  
The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious  
wastes,

That men for profit breed, as well as those of chase.”

Here Arden of herself ceas’d any more to show ;  
And with her sylvan joys the Muse along doth go.

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter’s  
wave,

No sooner doth the Earth her flowery bosom brave,  
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant  
spring,

But hunts up to the morn the feather’d sylvans  
sing .

And in the lower grove, as on the rising knole,  
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,

Those quiristers are perch'd with many a speckled breast.  
Then from her burnish'd gate the goodly glitt'ring east  
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humourous night  
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight.  
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,  
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,  
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air  
Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them every where.  
The throstel, with shrill sharps; as purposely he song  
T' awake the lustless sun; or chiding, that so long  
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill.  
The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill;  
As nature him had mark'd of purpose, t' let us see  
That from all other birds his tunes should different be:  
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May;  
Upon his dulcet pipe, the merle doth only play.  
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,  
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,  
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw.  
And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)  
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,  
They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night,  
(The more to use their ears) their voices sure would spare,  
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,

As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.  
To Philomel the next, the linnet we prefer ;  
And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark place we  
then,  
The red-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and the  
wren,  
The yellow-pate : which though she hurt the  
blooming tree,  
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.  
And of these chanting fowls, the goldfinch not  
behind,  
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.  
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,  
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay,  
The softer with the shrill (some hid among the  
leaves,  
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)  
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun,  
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath  
run,  
And through the twisted tops of our close covert  
creeps  
To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly  
sleeps.  
And near to these our thicks, the wild and frightful  
herds,  
Not hearing other noise but this of chattering birds,  
Feed fairly on the lawns ; both sorts of season'd  
deer  
Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow  
there :  
The bucks and lusty stags among the rascall  
stiew'd,  
As sometimes gallant spirits amongst the mun  
tude.

•      •      •      •

## A BALLAD OF AGINCOURT

Fair stood the wind for France,  
When we our sails advance,  
Nor now to prove our chance,  
Longer will tarry.  
But putting to the main,  
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,  
With all his martial train,  
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,  
Furnished in warlike sort,  
Marched towards Agincourt  
In happy hour,  
Skirmishing day by day  
With those that stopped his way,  
Where the French gen'ral lay  
With all his power

Which, in his height of pride,  
King Henry to deride,  
His ransom to provide  
To the king sending ;  
Which he neglects the while  
As from a nation vile,  
Yet with an angry smile,  
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,  
Quoth our brave Harry then,  
" Though they be one to ten,  
Be not amazed.  
Yet have we well begun ;  
Battles so bravely won  
Have ever to the sun  
By fame been raisèd.

“ And for myself,” quoth he,  
“ This my full rest shall be :  
England ne’er mourn for me,  
    Nor more esteem me ;  
Victor I will remain,  
Or on this earth lie slaine,  
Never shall she sustain  
    Loss to redeem me.

“ Poitiers and Cressy tell,  
When most their pride did swell,  
Under our swords they fell ;  
    No less our skill is,  
Than when our grandsire great,  
Claiming the regal seat,  
By many a warlike feat  
    Lopped the French lilies ”

The Duke of York so dread,  
The eager vaward led ;  
With the main Henry sped  
    Amongst his henchmen.  
Exeter had the rear,  
A braver man not there,  
O Lord, how hot they were  
    On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone,  
Armour on armour shone,  
Drum now to drum did groan,  
    To hear, was wonder ;  
That with cries they make  
The very earth did shake,  
Trumpet to trumpet spake,  
    Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,  
 O noble Erpingham,  
 Which didst the signal aim  
     To our hid forces ;  
 When from a meadow by, \*  
     Like a storm suddenly,  
 The English archery  
     Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,  
 Arrows a cloth-yard long,  
 That like to serpents stung,  
     Piercing the weather ;  
 None from his fellow starts,  
 But playing manly parts,  
 And like true English hearts,  
     Stuck close together.

When down their bows they thiew  
 And forth their bilboes drew,  
 And on the French they flew ;  
     Not one was tardy ,  
 Arms were from shouleirs sent,  
 Scalps to the teeth were sent,  
 Down the French peasants went—  
     Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,  
 His broadsword brandishing,  
 Down the French host did ding,  
     As to o'erwhelm it ;  
 And many a deep wound lent  
 His arms with blood besprent,  
 And many a ciuel dent  
     Bruised his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,  
Next of the royal blood,  
For famous England stood,  
    With his brave brother ;  
Clarence in steel so bright,  
Though but a maiden knight,  
Yet in that furious fight  
    Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,  
Oxford the foe invade,  
And cruel slaughter made  
    Still as they ran up ;  
Suffolk his axe did ply,  
Beaumont and Willoughby  
Bare them right doughtily,  
    Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon St. Crispin's day  
Fought was this noble fray,  
Which Fame did not delay  
    To England to carry ;  
O, when shall Englishmen  
With such acts fill a pen,  
Or England breed again  
    Such a King Harry !

“ SINCE THERE'S NO HELP ”

Since there's no help ; come, let us kiss, and part !  
    Nay, I have done ! You get no more of me !  
And I am glad ; yea, glad with all my heart,  
    That thus so cleanly I myself can free !  
Shake hands for ever ! Cancel all our vows !  
    And, when we meet at any time again,  
Be it not seen, in either of our brows,  
    That we one jot of former love retain.

Now, at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,  
 When his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,  
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,  
 Now (if thou wouldest !) when all have given him  
 over,  
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover !

## A SUMMER DAY

*From "THE SIXTH NYMPHAL"*

Clear had the day been from the dawn,  
 All chequered was the sky,  
 Thin clouds like scarves of cobweb lawn  
 Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.  
 The wind had no more strength than this,  
 That leisurely it blew,  
 To make one leaf the next to kiss  
 That closely by it grew.  
 The rills that on the pebbles played  
 Might now be heard at will ;  
 This world they only music made,  
 Else everything was still.  
 The flowers, like brave embroidered girls,  
 Looked as they much desired  
 To see whose head with orient pearls  
 Most curiously was tyr'd ;  
 And to itself the subtle air  
 Such sovereignty assumes,  
 That it received too large a share  
 From nature's rich perfumes.

## CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564-1593

VERY little is known about the life of Marlowe. He was born at Canterbury in 1564, the son of a shoemaker, and was educated at the King's School of that town and at Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1587. It is supposed that after leaving the University he served in the army. On his return to England he seems to have fallen in with bad companions, and to have led a life of wildness and dissipation, though it is possible that the stories of his misdeeds were much exaggerated. The circumstances of his death, however, gave some colour to the charges, for he was stabbed in a tavern brawl at Deptford (1593).

### THE DEATH OF FAUSTUS

*From "THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS."* Act V, Scene IV

*Faust.* Oh Faustus !

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,  
And then thou must be damned perpetually.  
Stand still, you ever moving spheres of heaven,  
That time may cease, and midnight never come.  
Fair nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make  
Perpetual day ; or let this hour be but  
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,  
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.  
*O lente, lente currite noctis equi !*

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,  
 The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.  
 Oh, I'll leap up to heaven ! who pulls me down ?  
 See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament :  
 One drop of blood will save me : oh, my Christ !  
 Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ ;  
 Yet will I call on him. Oh, spare me, Lucifer !—  
 Where is it now ?—'tis gone !

And see, a threatening arm, an angry brow !  
 Mountains and hills, come, come and fall on me,  
 And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven !  
 No !

Then will I headlong run into the earth :  
 Gape earth !—Oh, no it will not harbour me.  
 You stars that reigned at my nativity,  
 Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,  
 Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,  
 Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud ;  
 That when ye vomit forth into the air,  
 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths ;  
 But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.

*[The clock strikes the half hour.]*

Oh, half the hour is past, 'twill all be past anon.  
 Oh ! if my soul must suffer for my sin,  
 Impose some end to my incessant pain.  
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years—  
 A hundred thousand—and at last be saved :  
 No end is limited to damned souls.  
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul ?  
 Or why is this immortal that thou hast ?  
 Oh ! Pythagoras' Metempsychosis !  
 Were that (but) true ; this soul should fly from me,  
 And I be changed into some brutish beast.  
 All beasts are happy, for when they die  
 Their souls are soon dissolved in elements ;  
 But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.  
 Cursed be the parents that engendered me !

No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,  
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

[*The clock strikes twelve.*

It strikes, it strikes ! now, body, turn to air,  
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

[*Thunder and rain.*

O soul ! be changed into small water-drops,  
And fall into the ocean ; ne'er be found.

*Enter the DEVILS.*

Oh ! mercy, heaven, look not so fierce on me !  
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile !—  
Ugly hell, gape not !—Come not, Lucifer !  
I'll burn my books ! Oh, Mephistophilis ! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter the SCHOLARS.*

*1st Scho.* Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,  
For such a dreadful night was never seen  
Since first the world's creation did begin ;  
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard ;  
Pray Heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger.

*2nd Scho.* Oh help us heavens ! see, here are  
Faustus' limbs,  
All torn asunder by the hand of death.

*3rd Scho.* The devils whom Faustus served have  
torn him thus ;  
For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought  
I heard him shriek and cry aloud for help ;  
At which self time the house seemed all on fire  
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

*2nd Scho.* Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end  
be such  
As every Christian heart laments to think on ;  
Yet for he was a scholar once admired  
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,  
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial ;  
And all the students, clothed in mourning black  
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter CHORUS.*

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,  
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,  
That sometimes grew within this learnèd man :  
Faustus is gone : regard his hellish fall,  
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise  
Only to wonder at unlawful things ;  
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits,  
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

## THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me, and be my love  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That valleys, groves, hills, and fields,  
Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,  
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,  
By shallow rivers, to whose falls,  
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses  
And a thousand fragrant posies,  
A cap of flowers and a kirtle  
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool  
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,  
Fair lined slippers for the cold  
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,  
With coral clasps and amber studs,  
And if these pleasures may thee move,  
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,  
For thy delight each May-morning.  
If these delights thy mind may move,  
Then live with me and be my love.

### THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move,  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,  
And Philomel becometh dumb,  
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade and wanton fields  
To wayward winter reckoning yields,  
A honey tongue, a heart of gall  
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten ;  
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,  
All these in me no means can move,  
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,  
Had joys no date, nor age no need,  
Then these delights my mind might move,  
To live with thee, and be thy love.

IGNOTO (*attributed to SIR W. RALEIGH.*)

## WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564-1616

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the eldest son of John Shakespeare, a dealer in agricultural produce, was born at Stratford-on-Avon. He was probably educated at the grammar school in that town. He married at the age of eighteen, and three years later set out to seek his fortunes in London. Here he joined the company of the Earl of Leicester's players as an actor, but he soon found scope for his genius in the revision of old plays for the company. Then he began to compose plays of his own, and prospered so well that in 1596 he was able to return to Stratford and help his father, who for many years had been struggling with financial difficulties. In 1611 he left London and settled down in his native town, where he died in 1616.

Besides his plays, Shakespeare wrote two long narrative poems, *Venus and Adonis* (1594) and *Lucrece* (1595), and a number of exquisite sonnets. His lyrical poetry is dispersed in the form of songs through his plays.

### HARE COURSING

*From "VENUS AND ADONIS"*

“ But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me ;  
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,  
Or at the fox, which lives by subtlety,  
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare .

Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,  
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy  
hounds.

“ And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,  
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,  
How he outruns the winds, and with what care  
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles :  
The many musets through the which he goes,  
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

“ Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,  
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,  
And sometime where earth-delving comes keep,  
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;  
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer .  
Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear .

“ For there his smell with others being mingled,  
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,  
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled  
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;  
Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,  
As if another chase were in the skies.

“ By this, poor Wat, far off upon the hill,  
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,  
To hearken if his foes pursue him still :  
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear ;  
And now his grief may be compared well  
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

“ Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch  
Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;  
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,  
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :  
For misery is trodden on by many  
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

## SONNETS

## I

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste :  
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

## II

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :  
Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow ;  
But, out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.  
Yet him from this my love no whit disdaineth ;  
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun  
staineth.

## III

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :  
And yet, to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

## IV

Tr'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—  
As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
And strength by limping sway disabled,  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill :  
Tr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,  
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

## V

Then hate me when thou wilt · if ever, now ;  
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,  
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,  
And do not drop in for an after-loss.

Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,  
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;  
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow  
 To linger out a purposed overthrow.  
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,  
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,  
 But in the onset come : so shall I taste  
 At first the very worst of fortune's might ;  
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,  
 Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

## VI

That time of year thou mayst in me behold  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west ;  
 Which by and by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.  
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,  
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more  
 strong,  
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

## VII

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in  
 seeming :  
 I love not less, though less the show appear :  
 That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming  
 The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.  
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,  
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays ;  
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,

And stops her pipe in growth of riper days :  
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,  
 But that wild music burthens every bough,  
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Therefore, like her, I sometimes hold my tongue,  
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

## VIII

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights ;  
 Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have express'd  
 Even such a beauty as you master now.  
 So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;  
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing :  
 For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

## ARIEL'S SONGS

*From "THE TEMPEST"*

## I

Come unto these yellow sands,  
 And then take hands :  
 Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd  
 (The wild waves whist).  
 Foot it feately here and there ;  
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.  
 Hark, hark !  
 Bow-wow,

The watch-dogs bark .  
 Bow-wow,  
 Hark, hark ! I hear  
 The strain of strutting Chanticleer.  
 Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

## II

Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
 Of his bones are coral made ;  
 Those are pearls that were his eyes ;  
 Nothing of him that doth fade  
 But doth suffer a sea-change  
 Into something rich and strange  
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :  
 Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell, ding-  
 dong.

## III

Where the bee sucks, there suck I :  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;  
 There I couch when owls do cry.  
 On the bat's back do I fly  
 After summer merrily.  
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

## SONG

*From "LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST"*

When icicles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
 When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 To-who ;  
 To-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,  
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 To-who ;  
 To-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

## FAIRIES' SONG

*From "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"*

*1st Fairy.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,  
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen ;  
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong ;  
 Come not near our fairy queen.  
*Chorus.* Philomel, with melody,  
 Sing in our sweet lullaby :  
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby.  
 Never harm,  
 Nor spell nor charm  
 Come our lovely lady nigh ;  
 So good night, with lullaby.

*2nd Fairy.* Weaving spiders, come not here,  
 Hence you long-legged spinners, hence !  
 Beetles black, approach not near ;  
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence.  
*Philomel,* with melody  
 Sing in our sweet lullaby :  
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby.  
 Never harm  
 Nor spell nor charm  
 Come our lovely lady by,  
 So, good night, with lullaby.

## SONGS

*From "TWELFTH NIGHT"*

## I

O, mistress mine, where are you roaming ?  
 O stay and hear ! Your true love's coming ,  
 That can sing both high and low.  
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting !  
 Journeys end in lovers meeting,  
 Every wise man's son doth know !

What is Love ! 'Tis not hereafter !  
 Present mirth hath present laughter ,  
 What's to come is still unsure !  
 In delay there lies no plenty !  
 Then come, kiss me, sweet and twenty  
 Youth's a stuff will not endure !

## II

Come away, come away, death !  
 And in sad cypress let me be laid.  
 Fly away, fly away, breath !  
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
 My shroud of white stuck all with yew  
 O prepare it !  
 My part of death, no one so true  
 Did share it !

Not a flower, not a flower sweet  
 On my black coffin, let there be strown !  
 Not a friend, not a friend greet  
 My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown.  
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
 Lay me, O, where  
 Sad true lover never find my grave  
 To weep there !

## SONGS

*From "As You Like It"*

## I

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither :  
    Here shall he see  
        No enemy  
    But winter and rough weather.

## II

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
    As man's ingratitude ;  
Thy tooth is not so keen  
Because thou art not seen,  
    Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly .  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly .  
    Then heigh ho ! the holly !  
        This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
    As benefits forgot :  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp,  
    As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the green holly ;  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly .  
    Then heigh ho ! the holly !  
        This life is most jolly.

## III

It was a lover and his lass,  
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 That o'er the green cornfield did pass,  
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding ;  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 These pretty country folks would lie,  
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding ,  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,  
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 How that life was but a flower  
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time ;  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding ,  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time  
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino ;  
 For love is crownèd with the prime  
 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding.  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

## SONGS

*From "Cymbeline"*

## I

Hark ! Hark ! The lark at heaven's gate sings !  
 And Phœbus gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chaliced flowers that lies.

And winking marybuds begin to ope their golden  
eyes  
With everything that pretty is, my lady sweet,  
arise.  
Arise, arise.

## II

Fear no more the heat o' the sun  
Nor the furious winter's rages ;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :  
Golden lads and girls all must  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,  
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;  
To thee the reed is as the oak  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone ;  
Fear not slander, censure rash.  
Thou hast finished joy and moan ;  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !  
Nothing ill come near thee !  
Quiet consummation have ,  
And renownèd be thy grave !

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER  
FRANCIS BEAUMONT  
1584-1616

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, the third son of Francis Beaumont, Judge of the Common Pleas, was born in 1584. At the age of twelve he entered Broadgates (Pembroke) College, Oxford, but left in 1598 without taking a degree. He then went to London, and became a member of the Inner Temple, but he does not seem ever to have practised law. He, however, was soon admitted to the best literary circle of the day, and became an intimate friend of Ben Jonson, to whose play *Volpone* he prefixed a commendatory poem. He had as companion in his lodgings on the Bankside John Fletcher, and a close intimacy sprang up between the two poets, which resulted in their collaboration in many plays produced between 1605 and 1616. The chief of these were the *Maid's Tragedy*, *Phalaster*, *Thierry and Theodore*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, and *The Scornful Lady*. Beaumont married about 1613, and died in 1616, leaving two daughters. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

JOHN FLETCHER  
1579-1625

JOHN FLETCHER was born at Rye, of which parish his father was incumbent. Dr. Fletcher afterwards became successively Bishop of Bristol, of

Worcester, and of London, and died when his son was seventeen, and an undergraduate at Cambridge. The poet's first work is supposed to have been *The Faithful Shepherdess*, a pastoral play. From 1605 to 1616 he collaborated with Beaumont, and also, it is supposed, in *Henry VIII* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, with Shakespeare. After Beaumont's death Fletcher produced many other plays, but none of them are equal in merit to those which were composed in collaboration with his friend. He died of the plague in 1625.

## BELLARIO AND PHILASTER

*From "PHILASTER."* Act III, Scene I

*Enter PHILASTER and BELLARIO*

*Phi.* And thou shalt find her honourable, boy ;  
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,  
For thine own modesty ; and for my sake,  
Apter to give than thou wilt be to ask ;  
Aye, or deserve.

*Bel.* Sir, you did take me up when I was nothing ;  
And only yet am something, by being yours.  
You trusted me unknown ; and that which  
you were apt  
To construe a simple innocence in me,  
Perhaps might have been craft ; the cun-  
ning of a boy  
Hardened in lies and theft : yet ventured  
you  
To part my miseries and me ; for which,  
I never can expect to serve a lady  
That bears more honour in her breast than  
you.

*Phi.* But, boy, it will prefer thee. Thou art  
young,  
And bear'st a childish overflowing love

To them that clap thy cheeks, and speak  
thee fair.

But when thy judgment comes to rule those  
passions,

Thou wlt remember best, those careful  
friends,

That placed thee in the noblest way of life.  
She is a princess I prefer thee to.

*Bel.* In that small time that I have seen the world,  
I never knew a man hasty to part  
With a servant he thought trusty. I re-  
member,

My father would prefer the boys he kept  
To greater men than he ; but did it not  
Till they were grown too saucy for himself.

*Phi.* Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all  
In thy behaviour.

*Bel.* Sir, if I have made  
A fault of ignorance, instruct my youth :  
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn ;  
Age and experience will adorn my mind  
With larger knowledge : and if I have done  
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope,  
For once. What master holds so strict a  
hand

Over his boy, that he will part with him  
Without one warning ? Let me be cor-  
rected,

To break my stubbornness, if it be so,  
Rather than turn me off ; and I shall mend.

*Phi.* Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay  
That, trust me, I could weep to part with  
thee.

Alas ! I do not turn thee off, thou know'st  
It is my business that doth call me hence ;  
And, when thou art wth her, thou dwell'st  
with me ;

Think so, and 'tis so. And when time is full  
That thou hast well discharged this heavy  
trust,

Laid on so weak a one, I will again  
With joy receive thee: as I live, I will.  
Nay, weep not, gentle boy! 'Tis more than  
time

Thou did'st attend the princess.

*Bel.* I am gone.

But since I am to part with you, my lord,  
And none knows whether I shall live to do  
More service for you, take this little  
prayer —

Heav'n bless your loves, your fights, all  
your designs:

May sick men, if they have your wish, be  
well.

[*Exit.*]

### BELLARIO (EUPHRASIA) DESCRIBES HER LOVE FOR PHILASTER

*From "PHILASTER."* Act V, Scene V

*Ph.* But, Bellario,  
(For I must call thee still so) tell me why  
Thou didst conceal thy sex? It was a  
fault;  
A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds  
Of truth outweigh'd it. All these jealousies  
Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst dis-  
cover'd

What now we know.

*Bel.* My father oft would speak  
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow  
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst  
To see the man so prais'd; but yet all this  
Was but a maiden longing to be lost

As soon as found , till sitting in my window,  
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,  
I thought (but it was you), enter our gates.  
My blood flew out, and back again as fast  
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in,  
Like breath. Then was I call'd away in  
haste

To entertain you. Never was a man,  
Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre,  
rais'd

So high in thoughts as I. You left a kiss  
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep  
From you for ever. I did hear you talk  
Far above singing ! After you were gone,  
I grew acquainted with my heart, and  
search'd

What stirr'd it so. Alas ! I found it love ;  
Yet far from lust ; for could I but have liv'd  
In presence of you, I had had my end.  
For this I did delude my noble father  
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd my-  
self

In habit of a boy ; and, for I knew  
My birth no match for you, I was past hope  
Of having you · and understanding well,  
That when I made discovery of my sex,  
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,  
By all the most religious things a maid  
Could call together, never to be known,  
Whilst there was hope to hide me from  
men's eyes,

For other than I seem'd, that I might ever  
Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,  
Where first you took me up.

*King.* Search out a match  
Within our kingdom, where and when thou  
wilt,

And I will pay thy dowry ; and thyself  
Wilt well deserve him.  
Never, sir, will I  
Marry ; it is a thing within my vow.

## ASPATIA'S SONG

*From "THE MAID'S TRAGEDY"*

Lay a garland on my hearse  
Of the dismal yew ;  
Maidens, willow-branches bear ;  
Say I died true :  
My love was false, but I was firm  
From my hour of birth.  
Upon my buried body lie  
Lightly, gentle earth !

## SONG

*From "THE MASQUE OF THE TEMPLE"*

Shake off your heavy trance,  
And leap into a dance,  
Such as no mortals use to tread,  
Fit only for Apollo  
To play to, for the Moon to lead,  
And all the stars to follow !

## THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Mortality, behold and fear,  
What a change of flesh is here !  
Think how many royal bones  
Sleep within this heap of stones ;  
Here they lie had realms and lands,  
Who now want help to stir their hands ;  
Where, from their pulpits, seal'd with dust,  
They preach, " In greatness is no trust ! "

Here's an acre sown indeed  
With the richest, royal'st seed  
That the earth did e'er suck in,  
Since the first man died for sin  
Here the bones of birth have cried,  
" Though gods they were, as men they died " :  
Here are sands, ignoble things,  
Dropt from the runn'd sides of kings  
Here's a world of pomp and state  
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

### SONG

#### *From " VALENTINIAN "*

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,  
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose  
On this afflicted prince ; fall like a cloud  
In gentle showers ; give nothing that is loud,  
Or painful to his slumbers ; easy, sweet,  
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,  
Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain,  
Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.  
Into this prince gently, oh, gently, slide,  
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride !

## THOMAS CAMPION

(Died 1619)

THOMAS CAMPION was probably the second son of Thomas Campion of Witham, Essex, and was born about the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Little is known of his life, but he probably took his degree of M.D. at some foreign university. In 1602 he published his *Observations on the Art of English Poesie*, and in 1607 he produced a masque which was performed before the king. Campion was a skilled musician, and in 1610 published *Two Books of Airs: being Songs with Accompaniments*, which were followed in 1612 by *The Third and Fourth Books of Airs*. During the year 1613 three more masques by him were performed, and the same year he brought out a work on Counterpoint. He died in 1619, and was buried at St. Dunstan's in the West.

## THE UPRIGHT MAN

The man upright of life, whose guiltless heart is free  
From all dishonest deeds, or thought of vanity :  
That man, whose silent days in harmless joys are  
spent,  
Whom hopes cannot delude, nor sorrow discontent ;  
That man needs neither towers, nor armour for  
defence ,  
Nor secret vaults, to fly from thunder's violence.

He, only, can behold, with unaffrighted eyes,  
 The horrors of the deep, and terrors of the skies.  
 Thus scorning all the cares that Fate or Fortune  
     brings  
 He makes the heavens his book ; his wisdom,  
     heavenly things ;  
 Good thoughts, his only friends ; his wealth, a  
     well-spent age ;  
 The earth, his sober inn, and quiet pilgrimage.

“ WHEN THOU MUST HOME ”

When thou must home, to shades of underground ;  
     And there arrived, a new admirèd guest,  
 The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,  
     White Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest,  
 To hear the stories of thy finished love  
 From that smooth tongue whose music Hell can  
     move !

Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,  
     Of masques and revels, which sweet youth did  
     make,  
 Of tourneys and great challenges of knights ;  
     And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake !  
 When thou hast told these honours done to thee ;  
 Then tell ! O tell, how thou didst murder me !

CHERRY RIPE

There is a garden in her face  
     Where roses and white lilies blow ;  
 A heavenly Paradise is that place,  
     Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.  
     There cherries grow, which none may buy,  
     Till “ Cherry ripe ! ” themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
Of orient pearl a double row ;  
Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
They look like rosebuds filled with snow  
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,  
Till "Cherry ripe !" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;  
Her brows like bended bows do stand,  
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill  
All that attempt, with eye, or hand,  
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,  
Till "Cherry ripe !" themselves do cry.

"KIND ARE HER ANSWERS"

Kind are her answers ;  
But her performance keeps no day :  
Breaks time, as dancers  
From their own music when they stray.  
All her free favours and smooth words  
Wing my hopes in vain !  
O, did ever voice so sweet but only feign ?  
Can true love yield such delay,  
Converting joy to pain ?

Lost is our freedom,  
When we submit to women so !  
Why do we need them,  
When, in their best, they work our woe ?  
There is no wisdom  
Can alter ends, by Fate prefixed !  
O why is the good of man with evil mixed ?  
Never were days yet called two ,  
But one night went betwixt.

## CORINNA'S LUTE

When to her lute Corinna sings,  
 Her voice revives the leaden strings ;  
 And doth in highest notes appear,  
 As any challenged echo clear .  
 But when she doth of mourning speak ;  
 E'en with her sighs the strings do break !

And as her lute doth live, or die  
 Led by her passion, so must I !  
 For when of pleasure she doth sing,  
 My thoughts enjoy a sudden Spring !  
 But if she doth of sorrow speak ;  
 E'en from my heart the strings do break !

## A PRAYER

Never weather-beaten sail more willing bent to  
 shore,  
 Never tirèd pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,  
 Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of  
 my troubled breast .  
 O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul  
 to rest.

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high para-  
 dise,  
 Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapour dims  
 our eyes  
 Glory there the sun outshines · whose beams the  
 Blessèd only see  
 O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite  
 to Thee.

## BEN JONSON

1573-1635

BEN JONSON was born in 1573, the son of a minister of Scottish ancestry. But his father died before his birth, and his mother, taking as her second husband a master bricklayer of Charing Cross, he was "brought up but poorly." He was, however, educated at Westminster School, after leaving which he served as a soldier in the Low Countries; but before 1595 he was back in London, married, and the father of a son. In 1598 his first acknowledged play, *Every Man in His Humour*, was produced by the Lord Chamberlain's Company, and this was followed the next year by *Every Man out of His Humour*. From this time he produced a long series of plays and masques, the most important of which were *Sejanus* (1603), *Volpone* (1605), *Epicane, or the Silent Woman* (1609), *The Alchemist* (1610), *Catiline* (1611), *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), and *The Staple of News* (1625). His last years were clouded by poverty, and his last play, *The New Inn*, was such a failure on the stage that he produced nothing more. But when he died in 1635 there was found among his papers part of an unfinished play called *The Sad Shepherd*, which is one of the most charming things that bears his name.

## CAPTAIN BOBADILL

*From "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR"*  
Act IV, Scene V

*Moorfields.*

*Enter* MATHEW, E. KNOWELL, BOBADILL, and STEPHEN.

*Mat.* Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him where we were to-day, Mr. Well-bred's half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot show his parallel, by this daylight.

*E. Know.* We were now speaking of him. Captain Bobadill tells me he is fallen foul of you too.

*Mat.* O, ay, sir, he threatened me with the bastinado.

*Bob.* Ay, but I think, I taught you prevention this morning for that. You shall kill him beyond question, if you be so generously minded.

*Mat.* Indeed, it is a most excellent trick.

[*Fences.*

*Bob.* O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion; you are too tardy, too heavy! O, it must be done like lightning, hay!

[*Practises at a post with his cudgel.*

*Mat.* Rare captain!

*Bob.* Tut! 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a — punto.

*E. Know.* Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

*Mat.* O, good sir! yes, I hope he has

*Bob.* I will tell you, sir Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travel for knowledge, in that mystery only, there came three or four of them to me at a gentleman's house, where it was my

chance to be resident at that time, to entreat my presence at their schools : and withal so much importuned me, that I protest to you, as I am a gentleman, I was ashamed of their rude demeanour out of all measure. Well, I told them that to come to a public school they should pardon me, it was opposite in diameter to my humour ; but if so be they would give their attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth.

*E. Know.* So, sir ! then you tried their skill ?

*Bob.* Alas ! soon tried, you shall hear, sir. Within two or three days after, they came ; and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, showed them some two or three tricks of prevention have purchased them since a credit to admiration ; they cannot deny this : and yet now they hate me, and why ? Because I am excellent, and for no other vile reason on the earth.

*E. Know.* This is strange and barbarous, as ever I heard.

*Bob.* Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures ; but note, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts i' the town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shoreditch, which were then my quarters ; and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary : where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe me. Yet all this lenity will not overcome their spleen ; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than

this bastinado for them . yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed ; for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes.

*E. Know.* Ay, believe me, may you, sir , and in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

*Bob.* Alas, no. What's a peculiar man to a nation ? Not to be seen.

*E. Know.* O, but your skill, sir.

*Bob.* Indeed, that might be some loss ; but who respects it ? I will tell you, sir, by the way, of private, and under seal ; I am a gentleman, and live here obscure and to myself ; but were I known to her Majesty and the lords, observe me,—I would undertake upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general ; but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you ?

*E. Know.* Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

*Bob.* Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land ; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution ; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have . and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passado, your montanto ; till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts ; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy ; they could not in their honour refuse us Well, we would kill them ; challenge twenty more, kill them ; twenty more, kill them , twenty more, kill them too , and thus would

we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score ; twenty score, that's two hundred ; two hundred a day, five days, a thousand ; forty thousand, forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood ; that is, civilly, by the sword.

*E. Know.* Why, are you so sure of your hand, Captain, at all times ?

*Bob.* Tut, never miss thrust, upon my reputation with you.

*E. Know.* I would not stand in Downright's state then, an you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

*Bob.* Why, sir, you mistake me. If he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him. Let this gentleman do his mind ; but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wher-ever I meet him.

*Mat.* Faith, and I'll have my fling at him, at my distance.

*E. Know.* Ods so, look where he is ! Yonder he goes. [DOWNRIGHT crosses the stage.]

*Down.* What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals.

*Bob.* It is not he, is it ?

*E. Know.* Yes, faith, it is he.

*Mat.* I'll be hanged then, if that were he.

*E. Know.* Sir, keep your hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he.

*Step.* Upon my reputation, it was he.

*Bob.* Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so, but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

*E. Know.* That I think, sir.

*Re-enter DOWNRIGHT.*

But see, he is come again.

*Down.* O, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you ?  
Come, draw to your tools. Draw, gipsy, or I'll  
thrash you.

*Bob.* Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee ;  
hear me——

*Down.* Draw your weapon then.

*Bob.* Tall man, I never thought on't till now—  
Body of me, I had a warrant of the peace served on  
me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer ;  
this gentleman saw it, Master Mathew.

*Down.* 'S death, you will not draw then ?

[*Disarms and beats him.* MATHEW runs away.]

*Bob.* Hold, hold ! Under thy favour, forbear !

*Down.* Prate again, as you like this ! You'll  
control the point, you ! Your consort is gone ;  
had he stayed he had shared with you, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Bob.* Well, gentlemen, bear witness, I was  
bound to the peace, by this good day.

*E. Know.* No, faith, it's an ill day, Captain,  
never reckon it other : but say you were bound to  
the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself :  
that will prove but a poor excuse.

*Bob.* I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construc-  
tion in fair sort. I never sustained the like dis-  
grace, by heaven ! Sure I was struck with a  
planet thence, for I had no power to touch my  
weapon.

*E. Know.* Ay, like enough, I have heard of  
many that have been beaten under a planet. Go,  
get you to a surgeon. An these be your tricks, your  
passados, and your montantos, I'll none of them.  
[*Exit BOBADILL.*] O manners ! that this age  
should bring forth such creatures ! That nature  
should be at leisure to make them !

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED  
MASTER, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;  
While I confess thy writings to be such,  
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.  
'Tis true and all men's suffrage. But these ways  
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise ;  
For silliest ignorance on thee may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right ;  
Or blind affection which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance ;  
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.

But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,  
Above the ill fortune of them or the need.  
I therefore will begin : Soul of the age !  
The applause ! delight ! the wonder of our stage !  
My Shakespeare rise ! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further off, to make thee room :  
Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read and praise to give.  
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses.  
I mean with great but disproportioned Muses :  
For if I thought my judgment were of years,  
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,  
And tell how far thou didst our Llyl outshine,  
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line.  
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,  
From thence to honour thee, I will not seek  
For names : but call forth thundering Æschylus,  
Euripides and Sophocles to us.

Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,  
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,  
And shake a stage . or when thy socks were on  
Leave thee alone for the comparison  
Of all, that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome  
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show  
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.  
He was not of an age, but for all time !  
And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm  
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm '  
Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines !  
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit,  
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;  
But antiquated and deserted lie,  
As they were not of nature's family.  
Yet must I not give nature all ; thy art,  
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.  
For though the poet's matter nature be,  
His art doth give the fashion . and that he  
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat  
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat  
Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same,  
And himself with it, that he thinks to fame .  
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn ;  
For a good poet's made as well as born.  
And such wert thou ! Look how the father's face  
Lives in his issue, even so the race  
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
In his well turnèd and true filèd lines ;  
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.  
Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were

To see thee in our water yet appear,  
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames  
That so did take Eliza and our James !  
And stay, I see thee in the hemisphere  
Advanced, and made a constellation there  
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage  
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,  
Which since thy flight from hence, hath mourned  
like night,  
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

## ON MY FIRST SON

Farewell, thou child of my right hand and joy ;  
My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy .  
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,  
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.  
Oh, could I lose all father now ' for why  
Will man lament the state he should envy ?  
To have so soon 'scaped world's and flesh's rage,  
And if no other misery, yet age !  
Rest in soft peace, and ask'd, say here doth lie  
Ben Jonson, his best piece of poetry :  
For whose sake henceforth all his vows be such  
As what he loves may never like too much.

## TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine ;  
Or leave a kiss within the cup,  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,  
Doth ask a drink divine .  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
 Not so much honouring thee,  
 As giving it a hope, that there  
 It could not wither'd be.  
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
 And sent'st it back to me?  
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
 Not of itself, but thee.

## HYMN TO DIANA

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,  
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
 Seated in thy silver chair,  
 State in wonted manner keep :  
 Hesperus entreats thy light,  
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
 Dare itself to interpose ;  
 Cynthia's shining orb was made  
 Heaven to clear when day did close :  
 Bless us, then, with wished sight,  
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
 And thy crystal-shining quiver ;  
 Give unto the flying hart  
 Space to breathe, how short soever .  
 Thou that mak'st a day of night—  
 Goddess excellently bright

## GILES FLETCHER

1585 (?)–1623

GILES FLETCHER was a cousin of John Fletcher, the dramatist, and younger brother of Phineas Fletcher, who also wrote poetry. In 1603 he published a *Canto upon the death of Eliza*, and seven years later his greatest poem, *Christ's Victory and Triumph in Heaven and Earth, over and after Death*, appeared. It is strongly reminiscent of *The Faerie Queene*, and, in its turn, influenced Milton in the composition of *Lycidas* and *Paradise Regained*. Giles Fletcher died in 1623, while still a comparatively young man.

### THE TEMPTATION OF CHRIST

*From "CHRIST'S TRIUMPH ON EARTH"*

Twice had Diana bent her golden bow,  
And shot from Heav'n her silver shafts, to rouse  
The sluggish salvages, that den below,  
And all the day in lazy covert drouse,  
Since Him the silent wilderness did house :

The Heav'n His roof, and arbour harbour was,  
The ground His bed, and his moist pillow grass :  
But fruit there none did grow, nor rivers none did  
pass.

At length an aged sire far off He saw  
Come slowly footing, every step he guest  
One of his feet he from the grave did draw.  
Three legs he had, the wooden was the best,

And all the way he went, he ever blest  
 With benedicities, and prayers store,  
 But the bad ground was blessed ne'er the more,  
 And all his head with snow of age was waxen hoar.

A good old hermit he might seem to be,  
 That for devotion had the world forsaken,  
 And now was travelling some saint to see,  
 Since to his beads he had himself betaken,  
 Where all his former sins he might awaken.

And them might wash away with dropping brine,  
 And alms, and fasts, and church's discipline ;  
 And dead, might rest his bones under the holy  
 shrine.

But when he nearer came, he lowted low  
 With prone obesiance, and with curtsey kind,  
 That at His feet his head he seem'd to throw .  
 What needs him now another saint to find ?  
 Affections are the sails, and faith the wind,  
 That to this Saint a thousand souls convey  
 Each hour : O happy pilgrims, thither stray !  
 What caren they for beasts, or for the weary way ?

Soon the old palmer his devotions sung,  
 Like pleasing anthems modelled in time ;  
 For well that aged sire could tip his tongue  
 With golden foil of eloquence, and lime,  
 And lick his rugged speech with phrases prime,  
 " Ah me," quoth he, " how many years have  
 been

Since these old eyes the Sun of Heav'n have seen!  
 Certes the Son of Heav'n they now behold, I ween.

" Ah ! mote my humble cell so blessed be  
 As Heav'n to welcome in his lowly roof,  
 And be the temple for Thy Deity !  
 Lo, how my cottage worships Thee aloof,

That underground hath hid his head, in proof  
 It doth adore Thee with the ceiling low,  
 Here honey, milk, and chestnuts, wild do grow,  
 The boughs a bed of leaves upon Thee shall bestow.

“ But oh ! ” he said, and therewith sigh’d full deep,  
 “ The Heav’ns alas ! too envious are grown,  
 Because our fields Thy presence from them keep ;  
 For stones do grow where corn was lately sown : ”  
 (So stooping down, he gather’d up a stone)

“ But Thou with corn can’t make this stone to  
 ear.

What needen we the angry Heav’ns to fear ?  
 Let them envy us still, so we enjoy Thee here.”

Thus on they wandred ; but these holy weeds  
 A monstrous serpent, and no man, did cover.  
 So under greenest herbs the adder feeds ;  
 And round about that stinking corps did hover  
 The dismal prince of gloomy night, and over  
 His ever-damned head the shadows err’d  
 Of thousand peccant ghosts, unseen, unheard,  
 And all the tyrant fears, and all the tyrant fear’d.

He was the son of blackest Acheron,  
 Where many frozen souls do chatt’ring lie,  
 And rul’d the burning waves of Phlegethon,  
 Where many more in flaming sulphur fry,  
 At once compelled to live, and forc’d to die,  
 Where nothing can be heard for the loud cry  
 Of “ Oh ! ” and “ Ah ! ” and “ Out, alas ! that I  
 Or once again might live, or once at length might  
 die ! ”

Ere long they came near to a baleful bower,  
 Much like the mouth of that infernal cave,  
 That gaping stood all comers to devour,  
 Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave,

That still for carrion carcaess doth crave.

The ground no herbs, but venomous, did bear,  
Nor ragged trees did leave ; but every where  
Dead bones and skulls were cast, and bodies hanged  
were.

Upon the roof the bird of sorrow sat,  
Elonging joyful day with her sad note,  
And through the shady air the fluttering bat  
Did wave her leather sails, and blindly float,  
While with her wings the fatal screech owl smote  
Th' unblessed house there on a craggy stone  
Celeno hung, and made his direful moan,  
And all about the murdered ghosts did shriek and  
groan.

Like cloudy moonshine in some shadowy grove,  
Such was the light in which Despair did dwell ;  
But he himself with night for darkness strove.  
His black uncombed locks dishevell'd fell  
About his face , through which, as brands of Hell,  
Sunk in his skull, his staring eyes did glow,  
That made him deadly look, their glimpse did  
show  
Like cockatrice's eyes, that sparks of poison throw.

His clothes were ragged clouts, with thorns pinn'd  
fast ;  
And as he musing lay, to stony fright  
A thousand wild chimeras would him cast :  
As when a fearful dream in midst of night,  
Skips to the brain, and phansies to the sight  
Some winged fury, straight the hasty foot,  
Eager to fly, cannot pluck up his root .  
The voice dies in the tongue, and mouth gapes  
without boot.

Now he would dream that he from Heaven fell  
And then would snatch the air, afraid to fall ;  
And now he thought he sinking was to hell,  
And then would grasp the earth, and now his stall  
Him seemed Hell, and then he out would crawl :  
    And ever, as he crept, would squint aside,  
    Lest him, perhaps, some fury had espied,  
And then, alas ! he should in chains for ever bide.

Therefore he softly shrunk, and stole away,  
He ever durst to draw his breath for fear,  
Till to the door he came, and there he lay  
Panting for breath, as though he dying were ;  
And still he thought he felt their craples tear  
    Him by the heels back to his ugly den .  
Out fain he would have leapt abroad, but then  
The Heav'n, as Hell, he fear'd, that punish guilty  
    men.

Within the gloomy hole of this pale wight  
The serpent woo'd Him with his charms to inn,  
There He might bait the day, and rest the night :  
But under that same bait a fearful grin  
Was ready to entangle Him in sin.  
    But He upon ambrosia daily fed,  
    That grew in Eden, thus He answered :  
So both away were caught, and to the temple fled.

## JOHN WEBSTER

—1625 (?)

VERY little is known about John Webster, the author of two great plays, *The White Devil, or the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona* (first printed in 1612), and *The Duchess of Malfi* (first printed in 1623); and of two others, *Appius and Virginia*, and *The Devil's Law Case*, which are of less importance. Webster is said to have been clerk of the parish of St. Andrew's in Holborn, and to have begun to write for the stage about 1602. He is supposed to have died in 1625.

### THE DEATH OF THE DUCHESS

*From "THE DUCHESS OF MALFI."* Act IV, Sc. II

*A room in the lodging of the Duchess.*

*Enter DUCHESS and her waiting-woman, CARIOLA.*

*Duch.* What hideous noise was that?

*Cari.* 'Tis the wild consort

Of madmen, lady, which you tyrant  
brother

Hath plac'd about your lodging · this  
tyranny,

I think, was never practis'd till this hour.

*Duch.* Indeed, I thank him. nothing but noise  
and folly

Can keep me in my right wits; whereas  
reason

And silence make me stark mad. Sit down;  
Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.

*Cari.* O, 'twill increase your melancholy !

*Duch.* Thou art deceiv'd .

To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.

This is a prison ?

*Cari.* Yes, but you shall live

To shake this durance off.

*Duch.* Thou art a fool :

The robin redbreast and the nightingale

Never live long in cages.

*Cari.* Pray, dry your eyes.

What think you of, madam ?

*Duch.* Of nothing ,

When I muse thus, I sleep.

*Cari.* Like a madman, with your eyes open ?

*Duch.* Dost thou think we shall know one  
another

In the other world ?

*Cari.* Yes, out of question.

*Duch.* O, that it were possible we might

But hold some two days' conference with  
the dead !

From them I should learn somewhat, I am  
sure,

I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a  
miracle ;

I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow :  
The heaven o'er my head seems made of  
molten brass,

The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not  
mad.

I am acquainted with sad misery  
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar ;  
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,  
And custom makes it easy. Who do I  
look like now ?

*Cari.* Like to your picture in the gallery,

A deal of life in show, but none in practice ;

Or rather, like some reverend monument  
Whose ruins are even pitied.

*Duch.* Very proper;  
And Fortune seems only to have her eye-  
sight  
To behold my tragedy.—How now!  
What noise is that?

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* I am come to tell you  
Your brother hath intended you some  
sport.  
A great physician, when the Pope was sick  
Of a deep melancholy, presented him  
With several sorts of madmen, which wild  
object  
Being full of change and sport, forc'd him  
to laugh,  
And so the imposthume broke: the self-  
same cure  
The duke intends on you.

*Duch.* Let them come in.

*Serv.* There's a mad lawyer; and a secular priest;  
A doctor that hath forfeited his wits  
By jealousy; an astrologian  
That in his works said such a day o' the  
month  
Should be the day of doom, and, failing  
of 't,  
Ran mad; an English tailor, craz'd i' the  
brain  
With the study of new fashions; a gentle-  
man usher,  
Quite beside himself with care to keep in  
mind  
The number of his lady's salutations,  
Or "How do you do," she employ'd him  
in each morning;

A farmer, too, an excellent knave in grain,  
Mad'cause he was hinder'd transportation ;  
And let one broker that's mad loose to  
these,

You'd think the devil were among them.

*Duch.* Sit, Cariola. Let them loose when you  
please,  
For I am chain'd to endure all your  
tyranny.

*Here the dance, consisting of eight madmen, with  
music answerable thereunto ; after which Bo-  
SOLA, like an old man, enters.*

*Duch.* Is he mad, too ?

*Serv.* Pray, question him. I'll leave you.

*Bos.* I am come to make thy tomb.

*Duch* Ha ! my tomb !

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,  
Gasping for breath : dost thou perceive  
me sick ?

*Bos.* Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy  
sickness is insensible.

*Duch.* Thou art not mad, sure : dost know me ?

*Bos.* Yes.

*Duch.* Who am I ?

*Bos.* Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best but  
a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh ?  
A little cruddled milk, fantastical puff-paste.  
Our bodies are weaker than those paper prisons  
boys use to keep flies in ; more contemptible,  
since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst  
thou ever see a lark in a cage ? Such is the soul  
in the body : this world is like her little turf of  
grass, and the heaven o'er our heads, like her  
looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge  
of the small compass of our prison.

*Duch.* Am not I thy duchess ?

*Bos.* Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milk-maid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear : a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

*Duch.* I am Duchess of Malfi still.

*Bos.* That makes thy sleep so broken ;

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,  
But, look'd to near, have neither heat nor light.

*Duch.* Thou art very plain.

*Bos.* My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living ; I am a tomb-maker.

*Duch.* And thou comest to make my tomb ?

*Bos.* Yes.

*Duch.* Let me be a little merry.—of what stuff wilt thou make it ?

*Bos.* Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion ?

*Duch.* Why, do we grow fantastical on our death-bed ? Do we affect fashion in the grave ?

*Bos.* Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven ; but with their hands under their cheeks, as if they died of the tooth-ache. they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars ; but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the self-same way they seem to turn their faces.

*Duch.* Let me know fully therefore the effect  
Of this thy dismal preparation,  
This talk fit for a charnel.

*Bos.* Now I shall —

*Enter EXECUTIONERS, with a coffin, cords, and a bell.*

Here is a present from your princely  
brothers ;

And may it arrive welcome, for it brings  
Last benefit, last sorrow.

*Duch.* Let me see it :

I have so much obedience in my blood,  
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

*Bos.* This is your last presence-chamber.

*Cari.* O my sweet lady !

*Duch.* Peace ; it affrights not me.

*Bos.* I am the common bellman  
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons  
The night before they suffer.

*Duch.* Even now thou said'st

Thou wast a tomb-maker.

*Bos.* 'Twas to bring you  
By degrees to mortification. Listen.

Hark, now everything is still,  
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill  
Call upon our dame aloud,  
And bid her quickly don her shroud !  
Much you had of land and rent ;  
Your length in clay's now competent ;  
A long war disturb'd your mind ;  
Here your perfect peace is sign'd,  
Of what is't fools make such vain keeping ?  
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,  
Their life a general mist of error,  
Their death a hideous storm of terror.  
Strew your hair with powders sweet,  
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,  
And (the foul fiend more to check)  
A crucifix let bless your neck .  
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day ;  
End your groan, and come away.

*Cari.* Hence villains, tyrants, murderers ! alas !  
What will you do with my lady ?—Call for  
help.

*Duch.* To whom ? To our next neighbours ?  
They are mad folks.

*Bos.* Remove that noise.

*Duch.* Farewell, Cariola.

In my last will I have not much to give :  
A many hungry guests have fed upon me ;  
Thine will be a poor reversion.

*Cari.* I will die with her.

*Duch.* I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy  
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl  
Say her prayers ere she sleep.

[*CARIOLA is forced out by the EXECUTIONERS.*

Now what you please :

What death ?

*Bos.* Strangling ; here are your executioners.

• • • •

*Duch.* Pull, and pull strongly, for your able  
strength

Must pull down heaven upon me.—

Yet stay ; heaven-gates are not so highly  
arch'd

As princes' palaces ; they that enter there  
Must go upon their knees [*kneels*]. Come,  
violent death,

Serve for mandragora to make me sleep !  
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,  
They then may feed in quiet.

[*The EXECUTIONERS strangle the DUCHESS.*

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

### SPRING

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant  
king ;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a  
ring.

Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing—  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay—  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet—  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !  
Spring, the sweet spring !

T. NASHE.

### BRIDAL SONG

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,  
Not royal in their smells alone,  
But in their hue ;  
Maiden pinks of odour faint,  
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,  
And sweet thyme true.

Primrose, firstborn child of Ver ;  
 Merry spring time's harbinger,  
     With her bells dim ;  
 Oxlips in their cradles growing,  
 Marigolds on deathbeds blowing,  
     Larks'-heels trim.

All dear Nature's children sweet  
 Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,  
     Blessing their sense !  
 Not an angel of the air,  
 Bird melodious or bird fair,  
     Be absent hence !

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor  
 The boding raven, nor chough hoar,  
     Nor chattering pye,  
 May on our bride-house perch or sing,  
 Or with them any discord bring,  
     But from it fly !

SHAKESPEARE (?).

### SWEET CONTENT

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content ;  
 The quiet mind is richer than a crown ;  
 Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent ;  
 The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown :  
 Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such  
     bliss,

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbours quiet rest,  
 The cottage that affords nor pride nor care,  
 The mean that 'grees with country music best,  
 The sweet consort of mirth and modest fare,  
 Obscurèd life sets down a type of bliss ;  
 A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

R. GREENE.

## MY LADY GREENSLEEVES

Alas ! my love, you do me wrong  
To cast me off discourteously ;  
And I have lovèd you so long,  
Delighting in your company.  
For oh, Greensleeves was all my joy !  
And oh, Greensleeves was my delight !  
And oh, Greensleeves was my heart of gold !  
And who but my Lady Greensleeves !

I bought thee petticoats of the best,  
The cloth as fine as might be ;  
I gave thee jewels for thy chest,  
And all this cost I spent on thee.  
For oh, Greensleeves, etc.

Thy smock of silk both fair and white,  
With gold embroider'd gorgeously .  
Thy petticoat of sendal right .  
And these I bought thee gladly.  
For oh, Greensleeves, etc.

Greensleeves now farewell ! adieu !  
God I pray to prosper thee !  
For I am still thy lover true :  
Come once again and love me !  
For oh, Greensleeves, etc.

ANON.

## TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

His golden locks time hath to silver turn'd,  
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !  
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,  
But spurned in vain ; youth waneth by in-  
creasing.  
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading  
seen ;  
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees ;  
 And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,  
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,  
 And feed on prayers, which are age his alms :  
 But though from court to cottage he depart,  
 His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,  
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,—  
 “ Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well.  
 Curst be the souls that think her any wrong.”  
 Goddess, allow this aged man his right  
 To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

GEO. PEELE.

## SWEET CONTENT

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?  
 O sweet content !

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplex'd ?  
 O punishment !

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vex'd  
 To add to golden numbers golden numbers ?

O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !  
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;  
 Honest labour bears a lovely face ;  
 Then hey nonny, nonny—hey nonny nonney.

Can't drink the waters of the crispèd spring ?  
 O sweet content ! [tears ?

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own  
 O punishment !

Then he who patiently want's burden bears,  
 No burden bears, but is a king, a king !

O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !  
 Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;  
 Honest labour bears a lovely face ;  
 Then hey nonny, nonny—hey nonny, nonney !

T. DEKKER,

## THE UNKNOWN LADY

There is a Lady sweet and kind,  
Was never face so pleased my mind ;  
I did but see her passing by,  
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,  
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,  
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,  
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd and doth range,  
Her country so my love doth change :  
But change the earth, or change the sky,  
Yet will I love her till I die.

ANON.

## A VALEDICTION

As virtuous men pass mildly away,  
And whisper to their souls to go,  
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,  
"Now his breath goes," and some say "No."

So let us melt and make no noise,  
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move,  
'Twere profanation of our joys  
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,  
Men reckon what it did, and meant ;  
But trepidations of the spheres,  
Though greater far, are innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love  
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit  
Of absence, 'cause it doth remove  
The thing that elemented it.

But we, by a love so far refin'd,  
 That ourselves know not what it is,  
 Inter-assured of the mind,  
 Careless, eyes, lips and hands to miss.

Our two souls therefore, wh<sup>ch</sup> are one,  
 Though I must go, endure not yet  
 A breach, but an expansion,  
 Like gold to hairy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so  
 As stiff twin compasses are two,  
 Thy soul, the fix'd foot makes no show  
 To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,  
 Yet when the other far doth roam,  
 It leans and hearkens after it,  
 And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must  
 Like th' other foot, obliquely run,  
 Thy firmness makes my circle just,  
 And makes me end where I begun.

J. DONNE.

### A DIRGE

Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,  
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
 And with leaves and flowers do cover  
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.  
 Call unto his funeral dole  
 The ant, the field-mouse and the mole,  
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,  
 And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm ;  
 But keep the wolf far hence, that's foe to men,  
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

J. WEBSTER.

### THE HAPPY LOT

Happy were he could finish forth his fate  
In some unhaunted desert, where, obscure,  
From all society, from love and hate  
Of worldly folk, there might he sleep secure ;

Then wake again, and ever give God praise ;  
Content with hips, with haws, with brambleberry ;  
In contemplation spending still his days,  
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry :

Where, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,  
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush :

Happy were he !

ROBERT DEVEREUX, Earl of Essex.

### THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught  
That serveth not another's will ;  
Whose armour is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are ;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Untied unto the world by care  
Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,  
Nor vice ; who never understood  
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;  
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;  
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;  
Whose state can neither flatterers feed ;  
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray  
 More of His grace than gifts to lend ;  
 And entertains the harmless day  
 With a religious book or friend ;

—This man is freed from ~~se~~idle bands  
 Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;  
 Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR H. WOTTON.

### MY MIND A KINGDOM

My mind to me a kingdom is ;  
 Such present joys therein I find,  
 That it excels all other bliss  
 That earth affords or grows by kind :  
 Though much I want that most would have,  
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,  
 No force to win the victory,  
 No wily wit to salve a sore,  
 No shape to feed a loving eye ;  
 To none of these I yield as thrall ;  
 For why ? my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,  
 And hasty climbers soon do fall ;  
 I see that those which are aloft  
 Mishap doth threaten most of all ;  
 They get with toil, they keep with fear :  
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content I live, this is my stay ;  
 I seek no more than may suffice ;  
 I press to bear no haughty sway ;  
 Look, what I lack my mind supplies.  
 Lo, thus I triumph like a king,  
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave ;  
I little have and seek no more.

They are but poor, though much they have,  
And I am rich with little store ;  
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;  
They lack, I leave ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,  
I grudge not at another's gain ;  
No worldly waves my mind can toss ;  
My state at one doth still remain :  
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend ;  
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,  
Their wisdom by their rage of will ;  
Their treasure is their only trust,  
A cloaked craft their store of skill :  
But all the pleasure that I find  
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,  
My conscience clear my chief defence ;  
I neither seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by deceit to breed offence :  
Thus do I live ; thus will I die ;  
Would all did so, as well as I !

SIR E. DYER.

### *A ROYAL GUEST*

Yet if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,  
Should of his own accord  
Friendly himself invite,  
And say, I'll be your guest to-morrow night,  
How should we stir ourselves, call and command  
All hands to work ! " Let no man idle stand.  
Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall ;  
See they be fitted all ;

Let there be room to eat  
And order taken that there want no meat.  
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,  
That without tapers they may give a light.  
Look to the presence : are the carpets spread,  
The dazie o'er the head,  
The cushions in the chairs,  
And all the candles lighted on the stairs ?  
Perfume the chambers, and, in any case,  
Let each man give attendance in his place ! ”

Thus if a king were coming would we do ;  
And 'twere good reason too ;  
For 'tis a duteous thing  
To show all honour to an earthly king,  
And after all our travail and our cost,  
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.  
But at the coming of the King of Heaven  
All's set at six and seven ;  
We wallow in our sin,  
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.  
We entertain Him always like a stranger,  
And, as at first, still lodge Him in a manger.

ANON.

## GLOSSARY

<i>Amoret</i> , p. 92; loves.	<i>elonging</i> , p. 168; prolonging.
<i>antikes</i> , p. 49; curious de-	<i>embayled</i> , p. 49; enclosed.
vices.	<i>entayled</i> , p. 49; engraved.
<i>aumayld</i> , p. 49; enamelled.	<i>entrayled</i> , p. 57; twisted
<i>aygulet</i> , p. 49; the tag of a	or twined.
lace.	<i>erne</i> , p. 54; yearn.
<i>baite</i> , p. 46; to feed.	
<i>bale</i> , p. 21; harm.	<i>teres</i> , p. 22; companions.
<i>baldricke</i> , p. 61; belt.	<i>terly</i> , p. 24; wonderful.
<i>bastinado</i> , p. 156;	<i>flasket</i> , p. 57; basket.
<i>belgardes</i> , p. 48; fair looks.	<i>flete</i> , p. 21; float
<i>bilhoes</i> , p. 124; Spanish	<i>forlore</i> , p. 50; forsaken.
swords.	<i>fraughted</i> , p. 33; freighted.
<i>buskins</i> , p. 49; high boots	
<i>Cambers</i> , p. 21, Cambria's.	<i>geare</i> , p. 8; matter.
<i>camus</i> , p. 48; a light, loose	<i>gise</i> , p. 6; nature.
dress.	<i>grusts</i> , p. 42; jousts.
<i>catchpole</i> , p. 19; a constable	<i>goold</i> , p. 55; cudweed, or
<i>cater</i> , p. 5; food.	motherwort.
<i>chieve</i> , p. 12; thrive.	<i>greaves</i> , p. 121; boughs.
<i>chimeras</i> , p. 168; visions.	<i>gripple</i> , p. 119; greedy.
<i>commaunde</i> , p. 14; command.	
<i>con</i> , p. 40; know.	<i>hecco</i> , p. 121; woodpecker.
<i>conies</i> , p. 133; rabbits.	<i>heyde guyes</i> , p. 38; a rustic
<i>consociateh</i> , p. 107; associates with.	dance.
<i>cordwayne</i> , p. 49; leather.	<i>hight</i> , p. 21; is called.
<i>curried cote</i> , p. 11; beaten jacket.	
<i>cust</i> , p. 12; kissed.	<i>imbrocato</i> , p. 157; a fencing term.
<i>dazie</i> , p. 186, canopy.	
<i>dight</i> , pp. 4, 38; prepared, adorned.	<i>inn</i> , p. 169; to lodge.
<i>eath</i> , p. 52; easy.	
<i>edifyde</i> , p. 46; built.	<i>kenning</i> , p. 39; knowledge, recognition.
	<i>knot</i> , p. 79; flower-bed.
	<i>launde</i> , p. 24; a smooth, open space of grass land.
	<i>leman</i> , p. 43; a lover.
	<i>leyre</i> , p. 119; a lair.

<i>lodesman</i> , p. 71; one who steers.	<i>recompt</i> , p. 34; recount.
<i>loute</i> , p. 11; a fool.	<i>reverso</i> , p. 157; a fencing term.
<i>marybuds</i> , p. 143; mari-golds.	<i>rode</i> , p. 5; rood cross.
<i>mell</i> , p. 45; meddle.	<i>salvatory</i> , p. 173; a salve.
<i>memento</i> , p. 95; reverie.	<i>scrip</i> , p. 86, a bag.
<i>merle</i> , p. 120; blackbird.	<i>selv</i> , p. 6, innocent, simple.
<i>mewd</i> , p. 50; penned.	<i>sendal</i> , p. 179; silk.
<i>mings</i> , p. 21; mixes.	<i>sequent</i> , p. 135; succeeding.
<i>montanbo</i> , p. 157; a fencing term.	<i>shent</i> , p. 9; scolded.
<i>muses</i> , p. 133; an opening in a fence through which a hare is accustomed to run.	<i>soote</i> , p. 20; sweet.
<i>needments</i> , p. 43; necessities.	<i>spiala</i> , p. 21, spread.
<i>nope</i> , p. 121; bullfinch.	<i>stemming</i> , p. 6; glaring.
<i>passado</i> , p. 157; a fencing term.	<i>stoccatu</i> , p. 157, a fencing term.
<i>patins</i> , p. 9; skates.	<i>suretue</i> , p. 6; safety.
<i>peaste</i> , p. 33; fawned.	<i>swoune</i> , p. 3; swoon.
<i>persant</i> , p. 48; piercing.	<i>traces</i> , p. 38; footprints.
<i>pismire</i> , p. 157, ant.	<i>trotte</i> , p. 10; an old woman.
<i>platane</i> , p. 44, plane.	<i>rentals</i> , p. 83; a collection of thirty masses said on thirty different days for the repose of a dead person.
<i>playning</i> , p. 3; complaining.	<i>tydy</i> , p. 121; titmouse (?), wren (?).
<i>portance</i> , p. 47, carriage.	<i>uncouth</i> , p. 24; unknown.
<i>prease</i> , p. 85; press.	<i>underfong</i> , p. 41; ensnare.
<i>prest</i> , p. 22; hastily.	<i>valing</i> , p. 71; lowering sail.
<i>prosopoparias</i> , p. 87; a figure of speech by which things are represented as persons.	<i>warpe</i> , p. 22; turn.
<i>punto</i> , p. 157; a fencing term.	<i>wexen</i> , p. 39; grow.
<i>purfled</i> , p. 49; trimmed.	<i>whippet</i> , p. 11; to move quickly.
<i>rashed</i> , p. 23, snatched.	<i>whurre</i> , p. 8; whizz.
	<i>wright</i> , p. 41; man, creature.
	<i>witche</i> , p. 38; witch-elm.
	<i>woosel</i> , p. 120; the ouzel.